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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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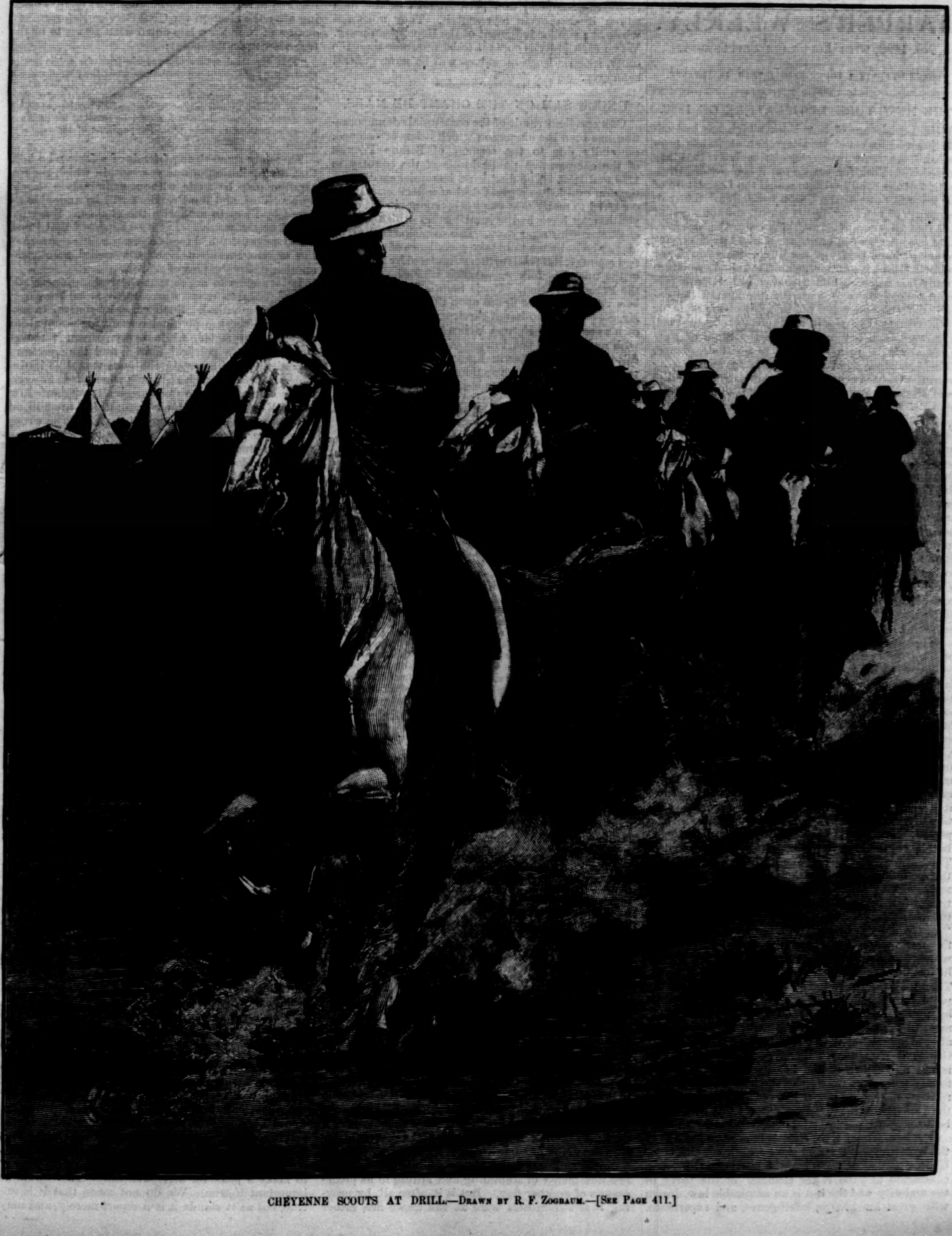


CHEYENNE SCOUTS AT DRILL.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

"We cannot commend Harper's Young People too highly."—*Christian Union.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

The number for May 21st contains the eighth instalment of "Dorymates," by Kirk Munroe, *and the fifth part of "Princess Liliwinkins," a fairy tale, by* Henrietta Christian Wright. *Both these stories are illustrated.*

Mr. A. A. Stagg *continues his articles on "Base-Ball for Amateurs," which should be of great value to young aspirants to honors in that popular game.*

The principal illustration is entitled

WAITING FOR A BITE,

From the Painting by J. G. BROWN, N.A.

Other contributions to this number are Mrs. Herrick's *"Little Experiments—Sound," a story by* Sydney Dayre, *and a poem by* Frank Dempster Sherman.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1692, with Four-page Supplement.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE OF 1889.

THE Legislature of New York which has just adjourned may not be altogether, as it has been called, "the most rotten legislative body that has cursed New York for years," but it is a curious illustration of the condition into which the Legislature of the greatest State in the Union has fallen. The ruling prices of votes are openly stated, and the worst of it is that they are generally believed to be accurate. That laws are passed either as political games or for money in hand paid, and not in consideration of the public welfare, is not doubted. That the Legislature in any fair measure, and with certain honorable personal exceptions, represents the intelligence, the enlightened character, and public spirit of the State, or of the two great parties in the State, nobody believes. If it were such a representative, the State of New York would be in a condition of swift decadence. The Legislature soon after organizing, and hearing from the Governor and the Speaker solemn homilies upon the money corruption of politics—homilies emphasized by the notorious facts of the then recent national election—was forced by the press and by public opinion to inquire into a wretched swindle of the public in regard to the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber. A report was made to whitewash the frauds. But the honor of some members could not withstand the derision and scorn with which the report was greeted, and toward the end of the session a frank and manly report of the facts was submitted, exposing a fraudulent conspiracy, denouncing certain conspirators by name, and urging the law officer of the State to prosecute. The facts are not doubted. But so low has the character of the Legislature of New York fallen that the deliberate rejection of the report did not surprise the public, and the Legislature adjourned, it is not too much to say, amid general contempt.

When it met there were three subjects upon which public opinion demanded action. These were ballot reform, high license, and a proper scheme of convict labor. Another measure of a similar reform character was introduced, providing for State care of the insane. The ballot reform bill, substantially that of last year, was passed, and was vetoed by the Governor. The license law is the measure prepared by a commission in accordance with the recommendation of the Governor. Of this bill the joint committee on high license, in the city of New York, says that while not distinctly a high-license measure, it is so great an improvement upon the present situation that its enactment is most desirable. This bill also passed. The Fassett scheme for convict labor is the best law of the kind yet proposed, and this also passed. The bill for State care of the insane was rejected by the Assembly. But the Senate passed it with amendments. The measure known as the Grant rapid transit bill became the subject of a "deal" between the party leaders, in which the Republicans were "put in a hole" by the Governor's refusal to ratify the deal, while he signed the police justice bill, which was a concession to Tammany by the Republicans for which they received no consideration. They took their revenge by practically defeating the rapid transit bill, the passage of which was desired by public opinion in the city. The popular estimate of the Legislature is shown by the fact that an alleged arrangement was said to have been made by Governor Hill, Mayor Grant, and Mr. Platt, who is not a member of the Legislature, which would finally secure the passage of the bill. Whether the report was true or not, it showed that the action of the Legislature upon such a subject was believed to be determined, not by public reasons, but by a deal.

The best acts of the Legislature are the passage of the ballot reform law and the Fassett convict labor bill. The first of these may be fairly regarded as a concession to "the better element" of the party of the majority, and the last is an admirable law, drawn with great knowledge, intelligence, and experience. Whatever good legislation has been secured is mainly due to Republican votes. But neither party probably will plume itself upon its performances in the Legislature of 1889. The Republicans, indeed, have the credit of the good measures we have mentioned, while the Democrats have arrayed their party against every measure of reasonable reform approved by the intelligent public opinion of the State. They have identified it with reactionary sympathies, with disorder and political corruption, which go far to annul the effect of party professions of interest in tariff reform. But on the other hand the Republicans are responsible for the great disgrace of the session and for the "deal." These, and not the final failure of the ballot reform and other bills, are the blots upon the record, and these the Republicans had the power, and were bound by their general professions, to prevent. They insist upon judging the Democratic party by the character and performances of the men whom it chooses to represent it. They must not wince at a similar judgment of the Republican party. When each party is content to be no worse than the other, independence in politics will be more general than ever.

UNCLE SAM ON THE CHAMP DE MARS.

ONE excellent result of the centennial commemoration has been the discussion which it has occasioned, especially due to the sermon of Bishop Potter of the comparative public ideals of the country in 1789 and 1889. The discussion has quickened investigation and led to a great deal of reflection. It has occurred to many that our uncle Samuel in his early youth may have had several virtues which do not characterize his riper years. This suspicion that, excellent as he is, he may not take precedence of every age and country, has been further stimulated by the report of the unsatisfactory appearance which he makes at the Paris exhibition. Uncle Sam is reported not to be a very impressive figure upon the Champ de Mars. Mr. Smalley, who is not careless of the good name of his country in Europe, writes to the *Tribune*, and with most careful pen, in view of the fact that its late editor is now Minister in France: "When we come to the general American section it is doubtful whether we shall make much impression upon the general public. We shall be ranked among those nations who have shown themselves careless of appearances."

The correspondent of the Associated Press permits himself a stronger if not more expressive treatment of the case:

> "Within the month that has glorified the centenary of our civil independence we cannot offer at the congress of the world's skill a solitary example of American porcelain, fine textiles, superior bronzes, artistic manipulation of wood, decorative paper or leather. We offer machines that can write and talk, machines that perform all the labors of the field, and that solve most of the problems of the factory. In an age of physics distinguished by the discovery of no new principle we have astonished science itself by new combinations of principles, and by the creation of resources for the convenience of mankind. But we have added scarcely anything to the beauty, grace, and repose of idealism. While justly boasting of our rank as mechanics, chemists, and electricians, we still pay transportation to England for our native furs, skins, leather, and cotton, and are content to pay afterward a second transportation and the manufacturer's price, as well as the custom tax, for the products into which our own raw materials have been turned. Add to this the yearly drain of money unnecessarily lost, the millions annually paid for decorative manufactures from every factory of Europe and of a reviving East, and an approximate estimate may be made of the colossal penalty we pay with incomprehensible stupidity for failing to develop a sense of form, color, and composition in our own youth."

This is a strong assertion of our skill in promoting comfort and convenience. It is a tribute to our material prosperity, but it satirizes even our commercial shrewdness, while it stigmatizes us as thus far wanting the highest results of national genius, and the intellectual and æsthetic qualities which add the final grace of civilization. This was nobly said by Mr. Lowell at the centennial banquet:

> "I admire our energy, our enterprise, our inventiveness, our multiplicity of resources, no man more; but it is by less visibly remunerative virtues, I persist in thinking, that nations chiefly live and feel the higher meaning of their lives. Prosperous we may be in other ways, contented with more specious success, but that nation is a mere horde supplying figures to the census which does not acknowledge a truer prosperity and a richer contentment in the things of the mind. Railways and telegraphs reckoned by the thousand miles are excellent things in their way, but I doubt whether it be of their poles and sleepers that the minds are made of that ladder by which men or nations climb to the fulfilment of their highest purpose and function."

Perhaps the best way to receive such words as those of Mr. Lowell and Bishop Potter, and such very emphatic statements as those of Mr. Smalley and the Associated Press, of the poor appearance that we make even in an industrial and inventive display, is not to declare resentfully that Washington and his associates were no better than the statesmen of our day, and that seventeen hundred and eighty-nine lied and stole and cheated quite as much and as generally as eighteen hundred and eighty-nine. Whatever shabby thing a man may do he can undoubtedly find a precedent for it in the doing of some earlier man, and how ever far a people may fall below its own ideal, it can doubtless find plenty of stumbling and falling in its predecessors of another day. But is it, after all, by proving that our fathers were as bad as we are, rather than by showing that we excel in the distinctive virtues of our fathers, that we justify our pride in ourselves? In the last generation it was a familiar salutation of old courtesy to a young child, "My boy, may you make a better man than your father!" It was not an insult: it was an exhortation. My son, it said, to excel your father will make you better than a good man. If the celebration should stimulate Uncle Sam to resolve that good as his father was, he will try to be better, he will be a much wiser man than in attempting to prove that his father was no better than he.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

WE trust that the newly organized Civil Service Commission will advise the President strongly against ordering an extension of the term of one year in which a person "separated" from the service may be restored to it without examination. At its first meeting after the election the Civil Service Reform Association of New York laid down what seems to us the true view upon this point:

> "That a general system of removals from the public service upon a party change of administration under the plea of correcting the injustice of previous removals is the very evil that reform seeks to correct. Reform could never begin if honest and efficient officers devoted to their duty and not offensively partisan, although appointed for political reasons, should be removed for precisely the same reasons to make place for partisans of the removing power."

There are some strong friends of reform who hold that the limitation of one year within which the restoration may be made without examination should be abolished, and the President will be undoubtedly urged by them to authorize the change. But what would be the result? Let it be supposed that President Cleveland had made a clean political sweep of the service, President Harrison would then make another under the plea of reform.

It is useless to argue that the restoration should extend only to cases where removal is known to have been political. Such cases in general cannot be known, because political reasons for removal are very seldom stated, while every person removed would allege a political reason, and the necessary investigation to ascertain the facts would be impossible. Moreover, such removals when made are generally of persons who were originally appointed for political reasons, and their restoration is not in accordance with sound principle, because if it be wrong to remove a person appointed for political reasons who has practically proved his fitness and efficiency, the wrong done by one President to one person cannot be remedied by the same wrong done by his successor to another person. Practically, if this plan should prevail, every person who under any administration has been politically removed could demand his restoration from every succeeding administration. If President Harrison should reappoint C because his predecessor, President Cleveland, had removed him to appoint B, then A, who was removed by President Arthur in order to appoint B, would have a stronger claim than either. Reform must begin by every successive President refusing to remove perfectly capable and satisfactory officers, for whatever reason appointed.

The term of one year within which officers removed for reasons disconnected with the service may be restored is a purely arbitrary term adopted for the purpose of enabling an appointing officer to remedy an evident wrong of which he is subsequently convinced. It was not intended to authorize an appointing officer arbitrarily to evade the required examination and to make political removals in order to make room for political appointments. This we believe to be so plain, and the consequences of unlimited restoration without the operation of the rules to be so mischievous in promoting the evils to be reformed, that we hope the President, upon reflection, will decline to modify the rule. Commissioner Lyman, who has great experience as well as great intelligence upon the subject, is understood to have advised the President against relaxing any barrier which the rules have raised against the abuses. This is not because he does not acknowledge the great wrong done to an officer by his political removal, but because he sees equally the wrong done to the predecessor whom the officer replaced, and the necessity of basing upon a definite principle the action of each successive Executive. Even were there no other reason, it is at present absolutely impracticable for a President to undertake the correction of all wrongs of this kind which may have been committed by his predecessors.

THE POST-OFFICE.

THE New York *Herald's* Washington correspondence represents Postmaster-General Wanamaker as saying that the displacement of a postmaster without cause before the expiration of his term would be a removal, and that the President is not making removals except for cause. He added that the President would promptly remove inefficient postmasters, but "he will not remove a man merely to make a place for a Republican." This would be important if true. We do not mean that it is untrue, but as it stands it is a report merely, and may be a misunderstanding. If this is to be the rule, an announcement of the fact by the President would be a public service. It would be also a certain gain for reform, because it would both stay a general sweep and show that there is no reason for it. But the President will see that if there be no reason for dismissing a postmaster before the end of his term for political reasons, it is because such reasons do not affect the efficiency of his service, and consequently that they do not justify his dismissal upon the same grounds at the end of his term.

The only plea for such dismissal would be that as the expiration of the term makes an appointment necessary, the President may properly select a member of his own party. But that is to assume that the chief consideration is not the welfare of the service, which requires the retention of trained and experienced competency, but the advantage of the party, which is the bald spoils doctrine. The result would be that as all the four-year terms expire during every administration the whole service would substantially undergo a political change with every party change of the Presidency. Practically an efficient officer who is not reappointed at the end of an arbitrary term is removed. The four years' act was passed ostensibly to secure greater punctuality and precision in the accounting of certain fiscal officers. President MONROE, according to JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, approved the law incautiously, and both he and his successor uniformly reappointed unobjectionable officers. But the law was undoubtedly really designed by Mr. CRAWFORD to make vacancies for personal and partisan appointments without the odium of removal. Dropping an efficient and experienced officer for no reason connected with the service, and with the injury to the service necessarily arising from inexperience, is substantially to remove him.

Now the President said in his letter of acceptance, "Only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office." But if those interests do not suggest or justify removal in May, 1889, and they remain absolutely unharmed, they cannot justify removal in June, 1889, or in June, 1890, merely because a month or a year may have elapsed. If this be true of the comparatively few Presidential post-offices, it is equally true of the enormous number of fourth-class offices which have no term. The President's sound principle that only the interests of the public service should suggest removals applies to those without any kind of pretext springing from expiration of term. Every time Mr. WANAMAKER removes a fourth-class postmaster because he is a Democrat, he violates the President's declared principle and violates the pledge of the Republican platform. All the uproar about mawkish mugwumps and super-celestial politics does not change or obscure this fact. Mr. BELL, the chief of the railway service, wrote with entire frankness to a subordinate who was dismissed, that the reason was not any fault, and did not affect in any way his personal character. The reason was that he was a Democrat, and Mr. BELL did not plainly state it, because he is aware that the public mind is ceasing to regard it as a valid reason. The public intelligence holds with the President that the reason must be connected with the interests of the public service, and it will cordially approve his action just in the degree that he conforms to his own principle.

THE WOMEN OF KANSAS.

THE remark of some observers of the woman suffrage movement that most women themselves are indifferent to it, and do not vote when permitted, is resented and denied in Kansas. This is, we believe, the third year of their enfranchisement in that State, and at the municipal election of this spring they voted much more generally than heretofore. It is even stated that a third of the whole vote was cast by women, and the returns of twenty-two cities are declared to have shown a still larger proportion. In one city the women were half the whole number of voters. Two cities elected a woman Mayor and Councilwomen.

These facts have an air of "practical politics," which is increased by the statement that one marked effect of the woman vote is the annulling of partisanship in the municipal elections, and the enforcing of economy in municipal expenditures. The shrewd observer who sends us these facts adds that there was no voting of women against men, but a union of intelligence in both sexes. These are interesting statements for the student of American politics and society. They suggest various inquiries as to the domestic results of such political activity, the replies to which could not be readily obtained, but would be of great value. There is evidently no lack of practical interest in voting among the women of Kansas.

THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL MONEY.

THE proposition to give public-school money to the Catholic Protectory was defeated in the Assembly. But the argument of consistency was very strongly in favor of the grant. For it appears that there are now sixteen institutions of the same general character as the Protectory, that is, sectarian charities with schools, which receive public money, amounting last year to nearly $100,000. The Protectory now receives a certain sum from the city for every child committed to it by the public authorities, and the law requires a semi-annual inspection of the institution by the Common Council.

The argument that if any such institution receive a share of the school money, other similar institutions ought to share the privilege, seems to be unanswerable. Mr. CROSBY therefore moved to withhold the money from the sixteen institutions which now receive it. The principle is plain, and its application should be equal. If the school money may be properly given to quasi public and actually sectarian bodies, the Protectory cannot be equitably excluded. But sects have votes, and the result of Mr. CROSBY'S motion, as one paper reports, was "the liveliest dodging of the session." About thirty members, it says, "ran to cover," and the motion was lost by a tie of 49 to 49. The Protectory bill was then defeated by a vote of 53 for it to 43 against it, which was not the necessary two-thirds.

The principle, we repeat, is plain. The public-school moneys should be scrupulously and exclusively reserved for the public schools, which are wholly under public control. If the State wishes, for any satisfactory reason, to aid other institutions which, wholly or partly, are under private or sectarian control, let it make a specific appropriation. This is the only simple and just way.

"TWO SAINTS."

A CHARMING little poem by ELIZABETH AKERS, called "Two Saints," is a fitting tribute to the singularly disinterested devotion of the late HENRY BERGH. It is, we believe, privately printed, and may have escaped our attention in some other form. But in any form and at any time it is a striking and beautiful tribute. One saint is St. FRANCIS and the other HENRY BERGH.

Of St. FRANCIS, who heard the command to go into all the world and preach the truth to "every creature," the poem says:

"Dear literal soul! he read and he obeyed;
No changing of the text he sought or made;
But held that it embraced, from the beginning,
Bird, reptile, fish, and all four-footed things—
The world that burrows, browses, swims, and sings,
No less than man the sinning.
He craved no salaried place in church or state;
He left to priests and bigots all debate
Of differing creeds and various orthodoxies,
And without scrip, or staff, or gathered alms,
Went forth to preach his faith and chant his psalms
To squirrels, birds, and foxes."

The rest of the picture of the good St. FRANCIS is as tender and true.

The companion portrait follows:

"In modern times there came another saint—
Not tonsured and hemp-girded in the quaint
Old-fashioned manner of the monkish preachers—
A man with men, he brought to beasts and birds
A gospel of good deeds instead of words:
Saint BERGH of All Dumb Creatures."

His gentle and untiring and effectual service is truly and vividly described, and its absolute unselfishness:

"Thank him? They did not even comprehend
That he was their protector, helper, friend:
He was to them, despite his service tender,
But one of that harsh race which wronged them so;
Alas! how cruel that they could not know
Their savior and defender."

The touching poem thus fitly ends:

"Sweet be his rest now all his work is done.
May every loving mother bid her son
Learn mercy from this kindliest of teachers—
This hero, who, until his lifetime's end,
Labored to shield, to comfort, and befriend
All dumb and helpless creatures!"

The memory of this modest benefactor of both the human and the brute species is most happily honored and perpetuated in these quaint and melodious verses.

AN EDITOR'S VIEWS OF THE NEWSPAPER.

THE views of an able and accomplished master of a craft in regard to his own work are always of the greatest interest and value. For this reason the address of Mr. CHARLES R. MILLER, editor of the New York *Times*, upon the Art of Journalism, delivered before the students of Dartmouth College, his *alma mater*, is well worthy attention. The address is especially valuable for its comprehensive conception of the function of a great journal, and for its thorough statement of the qualifications of the directors or editors of such a power. Mr. MILLER holds that the training which fits a man successfully to practise the art of making a newspaper is not less arduous than that which is required for the masters of other forms of professional activity, and although in these days of drift toward special studies it is not easy for any man to make all knowledge his province, yet there is no doubt that the larger the editor's knowledge beyond the range of technical information, the greater his editorial success.

That success, in Mr. MILLER'S view, does not lie in making a journal merely the organ of a personality. He holds that the day of great editors has yielded to that of great newspapers. This is unquestionably true, if the remark is qualified by the recollection that it is the great editor who makes the great newspaper. It is he who makes its opinions "acceptable to right-thinking men," and gives to the journal, which is a finely proportioned mirror of the world in each passing day, the power of moral and mental elevation. Mr. MILLER points out with incisive force the difference between the newspaper success which is due to pandering to morbid and vicious tastes and the legitimate prosperity arising from accord with intelligent and progressive opinion. But he reminds the reader that the former is to be corrected, not by lashing the paper, but only by diminishing ignorance and vice in the community.

It is not by such illicit success that the real character of the American press is to be estimated, but by the unquestionable fact that it was never, upon the whole, so able and independent a national force as it is now. The number of great journals, for instance, which, in Mr. MILLER'S words, publish their own opinions in politics, not opinions dictated by a political committee, which judge public questions upon their merits and not by their relation to parties, which, in a word, seek the public welfare rather than a party advantage, is much larger than ever before. This in itself is a significant and promising sign of the times, for it shows the widening perception of the truth that party is a means, not an end. It is a lofty ideal which Mr. MILLER raises for himself and his brother editors, and the fact that it is raised by the editor of one of the foremost journals in the country in influence and ability is a signal assurance of the wisdom of well-doing.

MR. CHILDS AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE universal kindly greeting to Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS upon his late birthday is a pleasant illustration of the esteem in which he is held. Especially agreeable to him probably was the hearty tribute of the printers, who have more than once testified their regard for him. His heart and hand are always open to good causes, and his *Ledger*, a journal of great circulation, is directed with a candor and courtesy and ability which give it a distinctive character. The smiles of fortune upon this one of her favorites are certainly justified by the spirit and manner in which he shares her favors with others.

THE "SOL AIGU."

THE appearance of a new American prima donna in Paris seems to have been a very brilliant event and an unquestionable triumph. The young lady is Miss SIBYL SANDERSON, of San Francisco, and she sang in the opera of *Esclarmonde*, a new work of JULES MASSENET, of whom Miss SANDERSON has been a favorite pupil. The opera is founded upon a mediæval story, in which the heroine Esclarmondo loves the Knight Roland, and after much musical mischance and misery, the end is happiness, culminating in the unprecedented *sol aigu*, corresponding to the marvellous *ut de poitrine*.

The excitement of the evening was evidently prodigious, and the success of the young singer so unequivocal as to make her a *prima donna assoluta*. The *sol aigu* plainly exalts the style of the description of the interesting event. "It is a work of great force," says one of the reports, speaking of the opera, "full, it is true, of dream-like fantasy and mysticism, woven in with grandeur and human passion, but nevertheless a *chef d'œuvre* of romantic style."

For the singer it is a sudden and intoxicating fame. Her voice and musical training are highly praised, and the opera is called the masterpiece of its composer. The support and setting are also described in the key of the *sol aigu*, and the whole account glows with subdued rapture. The audience was most distinguished, including President CARNOT and singers and professors of fame, besides the American colony in force and fashion. NILSSON beheld the triumphant descent of the younger *diva*, and doubtless recalled another day and another triumph. One of the reports insists that the opera will be sung everywhere, and that the melodies will become public favorites, while another regrets the entire absence of simple melody and cantabile. But who would hold to severe consistency reportorial pens held under the bewildering spell of the *sol aigu*, "which will go down to history with the celebrated *ut*"?

PERSONAL.

PADRE AGOSTINO DI MONTEFELTRO, the famous Franciscan monk who recently offended the Pope by winding up a course of eloquent Lenten sermons in the Church of San Carlo with an invocation of the Divine blessing upon King HUMBERT and upon the royal house of Savoy, has a most romantic history. He belonged to an ancient and princely family, but was very poor. His poverty prevented his marriage to Princess ODESCALCHI, a young lady of great beauty and wealth, and thoroughly dejected, he joined the insurrectionary forces of General GARIBALDI in Sicily. He distinguished himself in battle and received rapid promotion. While suffering from a serious wound he heard that his former sweetheart was to be married to a rich Florentine noble. As soon as he could he hastened to Rome, only to learn that the princess had committed suicide with poison on the eve of her wedding. Then he challenged the Florentine to a duel, and ran him through the neck, severing the jugular-vein. Sorrow and remorse drove the Garibaldian soldier into a Franciscan monastery, where after twenty-four years of seclusion and study, the expiation of his sins was pronounced, and he was ordered to re-enter the world and use his gifts for the glory of the order and the Holy Church. Padre AGOSTINO does not belong to the irreconcilable party at the Vatican, but openly proclaims his desire to see an early reconciliation of church and state.

—A brief biography and portrait of ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE appeared in No. 1685 of HARPER'S WEEKLY, immediately after his appointment as Minister to Russia. Mr. RICE was so highly pleased with the portrait that he asked to have proofs of it prepared for him, and these were about to be sent at the time of his death. Seldom has a bright and promising career been cut short with such tragical suddenness.

—A professional Japanese tattooer at Hong-Kong makes an annual income of about $6000. One of his prettiest and most intricate designs is a tiny fan, about the size of a halfpenny, on which is a complete landscape with figures well defined.

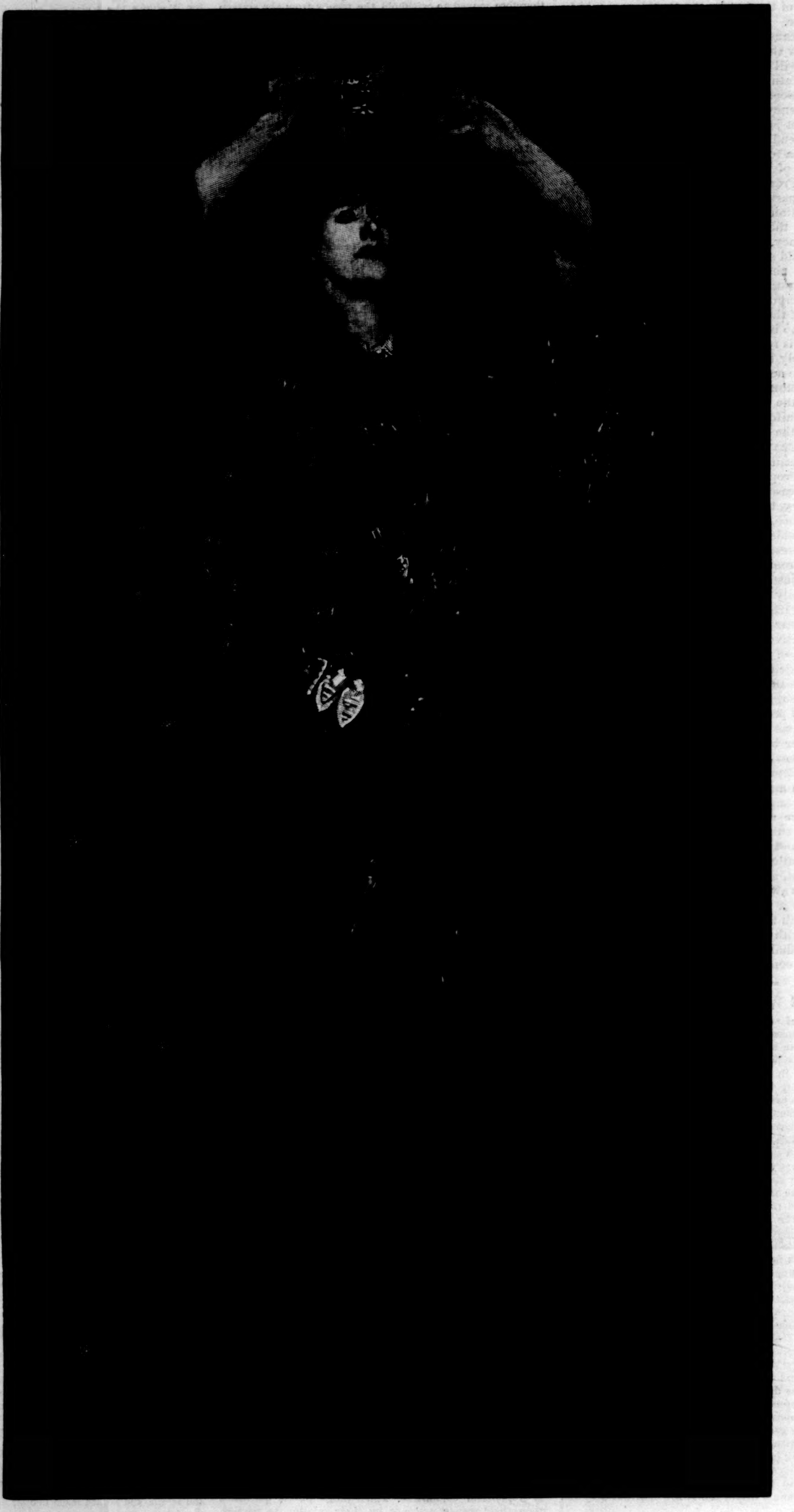
—Queen VICTORIA made an American artist happy during her recent visit to Biarritz by asking him to paint a picture for her. The lucky man is WILLIAM GEDNEY BUNCE, of Hartford, Connecticut.

—The new Earl of Carlisle is a conscientious teetotaler, and has closed all the public-houses on his property. The casks of home-brewed ale in his cellars have been emptied, and the brew-houses, well known all over England, destroyed.

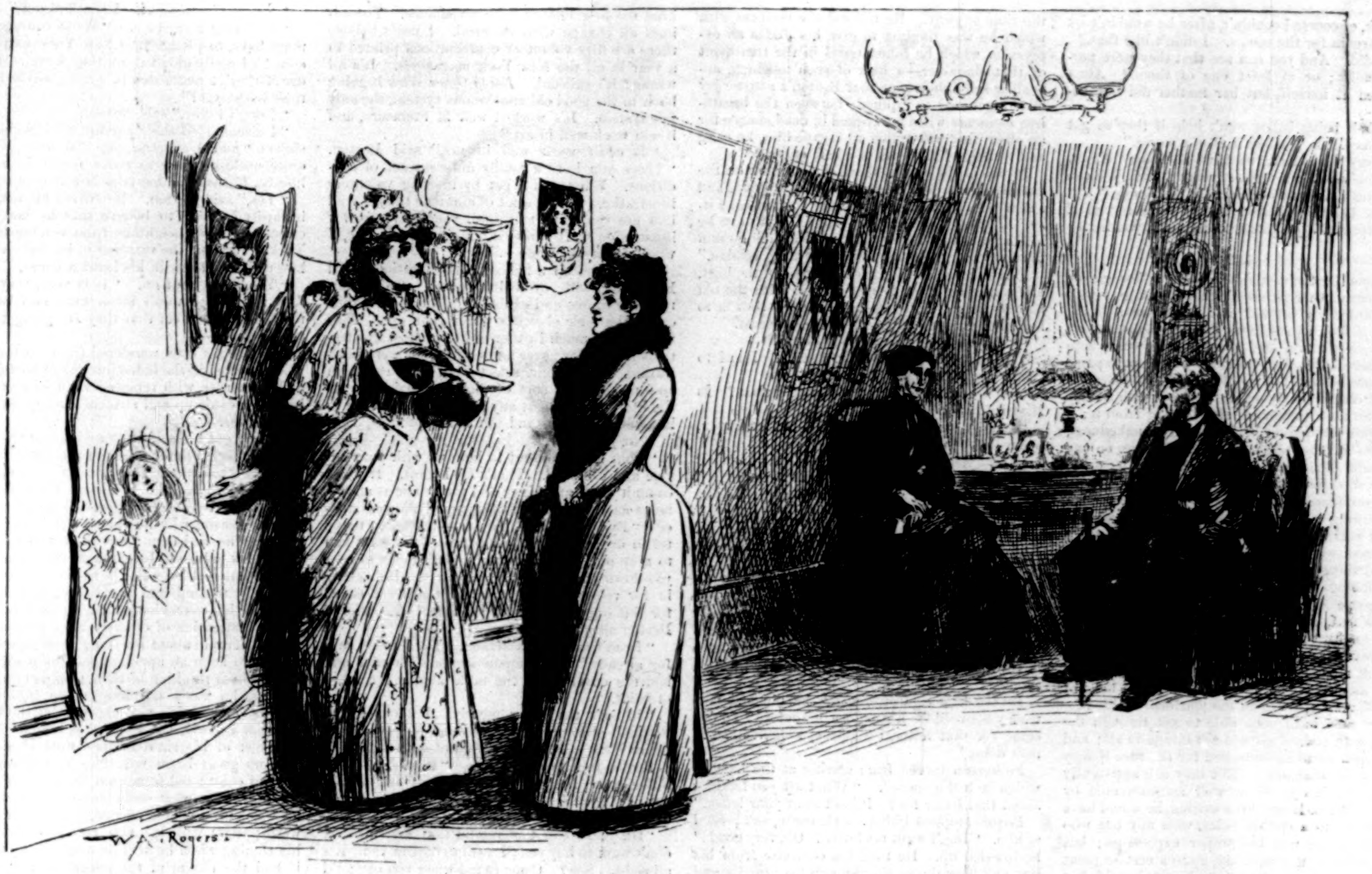
—Miss SUSANNA M. DUNKLEE, of Newton, Massachusetts, has been treasurer of the United States bank there for fifteen years, and handles about $500,000 every year.

—The wife of Baron ERLANGER is the daughter of the late JOHN SLIDELL, Confederate Minister to England, and it was through her influence that he invested so largely in Southern railroads.

—There was something weird and almost supernatural in the performances of WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, the so-called mind-reader, who died from a cataleptic fit in this city the other day. Sceptics called them muscle-reading, and more than one person successfully imitated some of his tricks. His last feat, however, which proved fatal to him, surpassed all others, and as a prominent physician has said, seemed to be accomplished by mental or physical powers unknown to science. BISHOP was the godson of WASHINGTON IRVING, and took his name. His nature was strange and erratic, and he had made himself notorious on both sides of the Atlantic by his absurd escapades as well as by his strange feats. He was hardly forty years old, dissipation and an irregular style of living having helped to shorten his life.



ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH.—From the Painting by John S. Sargent.—[See Page 411.]



"*Mr. Woodburn consented to sit down, and he remained listening to Mrs. Leighton while his daughter bustled up to the sketches pinned round the room and questioned Alma about them.*"

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

II.

"WHY, Alma," whispered the mother, "who in the world can it be at this time of night? You don't suppose he—"

"Well, I'm not going to the door anyhow, mother, I don't care who it is; and of course he wouldn't be such a goose as to come at this hour." She put on a look of miserable trepidation, and shrank back from the door, while the hum of the bell died away in the hall.

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Leighton, helplessly.

"Let him go away—whoever they are," said Alma.

Another and more peremptory ring forbade them refuge in this simple expedient.

"Oh dear! what shall we do? Perhaps it's a despatch."

The conjecture moved Alma to no more than a rigid stare. "I shall not go," she said. A third ring more insistent than the others followed, and she said: "You go ahead, mamma, and I'll come behind to scream if it's anybody. We can look through the side lights at the door first."

Mrs. Leighton fearfully led the way from the back chamber where they had been sitting, and slowly descended the stairs. Alma came behind and turned up the hall gas jet with a sudden flash that made them both jump a little. The gas inside rendered it more difficult to tell who was on the threshold, but Mrs. Leighton decided from a timorous peep through the scrims that it was a lady and gentleman. Something in this distribution of sex emboldened her; she took her life in her hand and opened the door.

The lady spoke. "Does Mrs. Leighton live heah?" she said, in a rich, throaty voice; and she feigned a reference to the agent's permit she held in her hand.

"Yes," said Mrs. Leighton: she mechanically occupied the doorway, while Alma already quivered behind her with impatience of her impoliteness.

"Oh," said the lady, who began to appear more and more a young lady, "Ah didn't know but Ah had mistaken the ho'se. Ah suppose it's rather late to see the apawtments, and Ah most ask you to pawdon us." She put this tentatively, with a delicately growing recognition of Mrs. Leighton as the lady of the house, and a humorous intelligence of the situation in the glance she threw Alma over her mother's shoulder. "Ah'm afraid we most have frightened you?"

"Oh, not at all," said Alma; and at the same time her mother said, "Will you walk in, please?"

The gentleman promptly removed his hat and made the Leightons an inclusive bow. "You awe very kind, madam, and I am sorry for the trouble we awe giving you." He was tall and severe-looking, with a gray, trooperish mustache and iron-gray hair, and, as Alma decided, iron-gray eyes. His daughter was short, plump, and fresh-colored, with an effect of liveliness that did not at all express itself in her broad-vowelled, rather formal speech, with its odd valuations of some of the auxiliary verbs, and its total elision of the canine letter.

"We awe from the Soath," she said, "and we arrived this mawning, but we got this cyahd from the brokah just befo' dinnah, and so we awe rathah late."

"Not at all; it's only nine o'clock," said Mrs. Leighton, in condonation. She looked up from the card the young lady had given her, and explained, "We haven't got in our servants yet, and we had to answer the bell ourselves, and—"

"You *were* frightened, of co'se," said the young lady, caressingly.

The gentleman said they ought not to *have* come so late, and he offered some formal apologies.

"We should have been just as much scared any time after five o'clock," Alma said to the sympathetic intelligence in the girl's face.

She laughed out. "Of co'se! Ah would have my hawt in my moath all day long too, if *Ah* was living in a big ho'se alone."

A moment of stiffness followed; Mrs. Leighton would have liked to withdraw from the intimacy of the situation, but she did not know how. It was very well for these people to assume to be what they pretended; but, she reflected too late, she had no proof of it except the agent's permit. They were all standing in the hall together, and she prolonged the awkward pause while she examined the permit. "You are Mr. Woodburn?" she asked, in a way that Alma felt implied he might not be.

"Yes, madam; from Charlottesboag, Virginia," he answered, with the slight umbrage a man shows when the strange cashier turns his check over and questions him before cashing it.

Alma writhed internally, but outwardly remained subordinate; she examined the other girl's dress, and decided in a superficial consciousness that she had made her own bonnet.

"I shall be glad to show you my rooms," said Mrs. Leighton, with an irrelevant sigh. "You must excuse their being not just as I should wish them. We're hardly settled yet."

"Don't speak of it, madam," said the gentleman, "if you can overlook the trouble we awe giving you at such an unseasonable houah."

"Ah'm a ho'se-keepah mahself," Miss Woodburn joined in, "and Ah know ho' to accyoant fo' everything."

Mrs. Leighton led the way upstairs, and the young lady decided upon the large front room and small side room on the third story. She said she could take the small one, and the other was so large that her father could both sleep and work in it. She seemed not ashamed to ask if Mrs. Leighton's price was inflexible, but gave way laughing when her father refused to have any bargaining, with a haughty self-respect which he softened to deference for Mrs. Leighton. His impulsiveness opened the way for some confidences from her, and before the affair was arranged she was enjoying in her quality of clerical widow the balm of the Virginians' reverent sympathy. They said they were Church people themselves.

"Ah don't know what yo' mothah means by yo' ho'se not being in oddah," the young lady said to Alma as they went downstairs together. "Ah'm a great ho'se-keepah mahself, and Ah mean what Ah say."

They had all turned mechanically into the room where the Leightons were sitting when the Woodburns rang. Mr. Woodburn consented to sit down, and he remained listening to Mrs. Leighton while his daughter bustled up to the sketches pinned round the room and questioned Alma about them.

"Ah suppose you awe going to be a great awtust?" she said, in friendly banter, when Alma owned to having done the things. "Ah've a great notion to take a few lessons mahself. Who's yo' teachah?"

Alma said she was drawing in Mr. Wetmore's class; and Miss Woodburn said: "Well, it's just beautiful, Miss Leighton; it's grand. Ah suppose it's raght expensive, now? Mah goodness! we have to cyoant the coast so much nowadays it seems to me we do nothing *but* cyoant it. Ah'd like to bah something once without askin' the price."

"Well, if you didn't ask it," said Alma, "I don't believe Mr. Wetmore would ever know what the price of his lessons was. He has to think, when you ask him."

"Why, he most be chomming," said Miss Woodburn. "Perhaps Ah maght get the lessons for nothing from him. Well, Ah believe in my soul Ah'll trah. Now ho' did you begin? and ho' do you expect to get anything oat of it?" She turned on Alma's eyes brimming with a shrewd mixture of fun and earnest, and Alma made note of the fact that she had an early nineteenth-century face, round, arch, a little coquettish, but extremely sensible and unspoiled looking, such as used to be painted a good deal in miniature at that period; a tendency of her brown hair to twine and twist at the temples helped the effect; a light comb would have completed it, Alma felt, if she had her bonnet off. It was almost a Yankee country-girl type; but perhaps it appeared so to Alma because it was, like that, pure Anglo-Saxon. Alma herself, with her dull dark skin, slender in figure, slow in speech, with aristocratic forms in her long hands, and the oval of her fine face pointed to a long chin, felt herself much more Southern in style than this blooming, bubbling, bustling Virginian.

"I don't know," she answered, slowly.

"Going to take po'traits," suggested Miss Woodburn, "or just paint the ahdeal?" A demure burlesque lurked in her tone.

"I suppose I don't expect to paint at all," said Alma. "I'm going to illustrate books—if anybody will let me."

"Ah should think they'd just joamp at you," said Miss Woodburn. "Ah'll tell you what let's do, Miss Leighton: you make some pictures, and ah'll wrahte a book fo' them. Ah've got to do something. Ah maght as well wrahte a book. You know we Southerners have all had to go to woak. But Ah don't mand it. I tell papaw I shouldn't ca' fo' the disgrace of bein' poo' if it wasn't fo' the inconvenience."

"Yes, it's inconvenient," said Alma; "but you forget it when you're at work, don't you think?"

"Mah, yes! Perhaps that's one reason why poo' people have to woak so hawd—to keep their mands off their poverty."

The girls both tittered, and turned from talking in a low tone with their backs toward their elders, and faced them.

"Well, Madison," said Mr. Woodburn, "it is time we should go. I bid you good-night, madam," he bowed to Mrs. Leighton. "Good-night," he bowed again to Alma.

His daughter took leave of them in formal phrase, but with a jolly cordiality of manner that deformalized it. "We shall be roand raght soon in the mawning, then," she threatened at the door.

"We shall be all ready for you," Alma called after her down the steps.

"Well, Alma?" her mother asked, when the door closed upon them.

"She doesn't know any more about *art*," said Alma, "than—nothing at all. But she's jolly and good-hearted. She praised everything that was bad in my sketches, and said she was going to take lessons herself. When a person talks about taking lessons as if they could learn it, you know where they belong, artistically."

Mrs. Leighton shook her head with a sigh. "I wish I knew where they belonged financially. We shall have to get in two girls at once. I shall have to go out the first thing in the morning, and then our troubles will begin."

"Well, didn't you want them to begin? I will stay home and help you get ready. Our prosperity couldn't begin without the troubles, if you mean boarders, and boarders mean servants. I shall be very glad to be afflicted with a cook for a while myself."

"Yes; but we don't know anything about these people, or whether they will be able to pay us. Did she talk as if they were well off?"

"She talked as if they were poor; poo', she called it."

"Yes; how queerly she pronounced!" said Mrs. Leighton. "Well, I ought to have told them that I required the first week in advance."

"Mamma! If *that's* the way you're going to act—"

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

"Oh, of course I couldn't, after he wouldn't let her bargain for the rooms. I didn't like that."

"*I* did. And you can see that they were perfect ladies; or at least one of them." Alma laughed at herself, but her mother did not notice.

"Their being ladies won't help if they've got no money. It 'll make it all the worse."

"Very well, then; we have no money either. We're a match for them any day there. We can show them that two can play at that game."

Mrs. Leighton looked at her daughter as if she expected a judgment to descend upon her.

III.

Angus Beaton's studio looked at first glance like many other painters' studios. A gray wall quadrangularly vaulted to a large north light; casts of feet, hands, faces, hung to nails about; prints, sketches in oil and water-color, stuck here and there lower down; a rickety table, with paint and palettes and bottles of varnish and siccative tossed comfortlessly on it; an easel, with a strip of some faded mediæval silk trailing from it; a lay-figure simpering in incomplete nakedness, with its head on one side, and a stocking on one leg, and a Japanese dress dropped before it; dusty rugs and skins kicking over the varnished floor; canvases faced to the mop-board; an open trunk overflowing with costumes: these features one might notice anywhere. But besides there was a bookcase with an unusual number of books in it, and there was an open colonial writing-desk, claw-footed, brass-handled, and scutcheoned, with foreign periodicals—French and English—littering its leaf, and some pages of manuscript scattered among them. Above all there was a sculptor's revolving stand, supporting a bust which Beaton was modelling, with an eye fixed as simultaneously as possible on the clay and on the head of the old man who sat on the platform beside it.

Few men have been able to get through the world with several gifts to advantage in all; and most men seem handicapped for the race if they have more than one. But they are apparently immensely interested as well as distracted by them. When Beaton was writing, he would have agreed, up to a certain point, with any one who said literature was his proper expression; but then, when he was painting, up to a certain point he would have maintained against the world that he was a colorist and supremely a colorist. At this certain point in either art he was apt to break away in a frenzy of disgust, and wreak himself upon some other. In these moods he sometimes designed elevations of buildings, very striking, very original, very *chic*, very everything but habitable. It was in this way that he had tried his hand on sculpture, which he had at first approached rather slightingly as a mere decorative accessory of architecture. But it had grown in his respect till he maintained that the accessory business ought to be all the other way: that temples should be raised to enshrine statues, not statues made to ornament temples; that was putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. This was when he had carried a plastic study so far that the sculptors who saw it said that Beaton might have been an architect, but would certainly never be a sculptor. At the same time he did some hurried, nervous things that had a popular charm, and that sold in plaster reproductions, to the profit of another. Beaton justly despised the popular charm in these, as well as in the paintings he sold from time to time; he said it was flat burglary to have taken money for them, and he would have been living wholly upon the bounty of the old tombstone-cutter in Syracuse if it had not been for the syndicate letters which he supplied to Fulkerson for ten dollars a week.

They were very well done, but he hated doing them after the first two or three, and had to be punched up for them by Fulkerson, who did not cease to prize them, and who never failed to punch him up. Beaton being what he was, Fulkerson was his creditor as well as patron; and Fulkerson being what he was, had an enthusiastic patience with the elusive, facile, adaptable, unpractical nature of Beaton. He was very proud of his art letters, as he called them; but then Fulkerson was proud of everything he secured for his syndicate. The fact that he had secured it gave it value; he felt as if he had written it himself.

One art trod upon another's heels with Beaton. The day before, he had rushed upon canvas the conception of a picture which he said to himself was glorious, and to others (at the *table d'hôte* of Maroni) was not bad. He had worked at it in a fury till the light failed him, and he execrated the dying day. But he lit his lamp, and transferred the process of his thinking from the canvas to the opening of the syndicate letter which he knew Fulkerson would be coming for in the morning. He remained talking so long after dinner in the same strain as he had painted and written in that he could not finish his letter that night. While he was making his tea for breakfast the postman brought him a letter from his father enclosing a little check, and begging him with tender, almost deferential, urgence to come as lightly upon him as possible, for just now his expenses were very heavy. It brought tears of shame into Beaton's eyes—the fine smouldering, floating eyes that many ladies admired, under the thick bang—and he said to himself that if he were half a man he would go home and go to work cutting gravestones in his father's shop. But he would wait, at least, to finish his picture; and as a sop to his conscience, to stay its immediate ravening, he resolved to finish that syndicate letter first, and borrow enough money from Fulkerson to be able to send his father's check back; or if not that, then to return the sum of it partly in Fulkerson's check. While he still teemed with both of these good intentions the old man from whom he was modelling his head of Judas came, and Beaton saw that he must get through with him before he finished either the picture or the letter; he would have to pay him for the time anyway. He utilized the remorse with which he was tingling to give his Judas an expression which he found novel in the treatment of that character—a look of such touching, appealing self-abhorrence that Beaton's artistic joy in it amounted to rapture; between the breathless moments when he worked in dead silence for an effect that was trying to escape him, he sang and whistled fragments of comic opera.

In one of the hushes there came a blow on the outside of the door that made Beaton jump, and swear with a modified profanity that merged itself in apostrophic prayer. He knew it must be Fulkerson, and after roaring, "Come in!" he said to the model, "That 'll do this morning, Lindau."

Fulkerson squared his feet in front of the bust, and compared it by fleeting glances with the old man as he got stiffly up and suffered Beaton to help him on with his thin, shabby overcoat.

"Can you come to-morrow, Lindau?"

"No, not atto-morrow, Mr. Peaton. I haf to zit for the young ladties."

"Oh!" said Beaton. "Wetmore's class? Is Miss Leighton doing you?"

"I don't know their namess"—Lindau began, when Fulkerson said:

"Hope you haven't forgotten mine, Mr. Lindau? I met you with Mr. March at Maroni's one night." Fulkerson offered him a universally shakable hand.

"Oh, yes! I am gladt to zee you again, Mr. Vulkerzon. And Mr. Marge—he don't zeem to gome any more?"

"Up to his eyes in work. Been moving on from Boston and getting settled, and starting in on our enterprise. Beaton here hasn't got a very flattering likeness of you, hey? Well, good-morning," he said, for Lindau appeared not to have heard him, and was escaping with a bow through the door.

Beaton lit a cigarette, which he pinched nervously between his lips before he spoke. "You've come for that letter, I suppose, Fulkerson? It isn't done."

Fulkerson turned from staring at the bust, to which he had mounted. "What are you fretting about that letter for? I don't want your letter."

Beaton stopped biting his cigarette, and looked at him. "Don't want my letter? Oh, very good!" he bristled up. He took his cigarette from his lips, and blew the smoke through his nostrils, and then looked at Fulkerson.

"No, *I* don't want your letter; I want *you*." Beaton disdained to ask an explanation, but he internally lowered his crest, while he continued to look at Fulkerson without changing his defiant countenance. This suited Fulkerson well enough, and he went on with relish: "I'm going out of the syndicate business, old man, and I'm on a new thing." He put his leg over the back of a chair and rested his foot on its seat, and with one hand in his pocket he laid the scheme of *Every Other Week* before Beaton with the help of the other. The artist went about the room, meanwhile, with an effect of indifference which by no means offended Fulkerson. He took some water into his mouth from a tumbler, which he blew in a fine mist over the head of Judas before swathing it in a dirty cotton cloth; he washed his brushes and set his palette; he put up on his easel the picture he had blocked on the day before, and stared at it with a gloomy face; then he gathered the sheets of his unfinished letter together and slid them into a drawer of his writing-desk. By the time he had finished and turned again to Fulkerson, Fulkerson was saying: "I did think we could have the first number out by New-Year's; but it will take longer than that—a month longer; but I'm not sorry, for the holidays kill everything; and by February, or the middle of February, people will get their breath again, and begin to look round and ask what's new. Then we'll reply in the language of Shakespeare and Milton, '*Every Other Week*; and don't you forget it." He took down his leg and asked, "Got a pipe of 'baccy anywhere?"

Beaton nodded at a clay stem sticking out of a Japanese vase of bronze on his mantel. "There's yours," he said; and Fulkerson said, "Thanks," and filled the pipe, and sat down and began to smoke tranquilly.

Beaton saw that he would have to speak now. "And what do you want with me?"

"You? Oh yes!" Fulkerson humorously dramatized a return to himself from a pensive absence. "Want you for the art department."

Beaton shook his head. "I'm not your man, Fulkerson," he said, compassionately. "You want a more practical hand; one that's in touch with what's going. I'm getting further and further away from this century and its clap-trap. I don't believe in your enterprise; I don't respect it; and I won't have anything to do with it. It would —choke me, that kind of thing."

"That's all right," said Fulkerson. He esteemed a man who was not going to let himself go cheap. "Or if it isn't, we can make it. You and March will pull together first-rate. I don't care how much ideal you put into the thing; the more the better. I can look after the other end of the schooner myself."

"You don't understand me," said Beaton. "I'm not trying to get a rise out of you. I'm in earnest. What you want is some man who can have patience with mediocrity putting on the style of genius, and with genius turning mediocrity on his hands. I haven't any luck with men; I don't get on with them; I'm not popular." Beaton recognized the fact with the satisfaction which it somehow always brings to human pride.

"So much the better!" Fulkerson was ready for him at this point. "I don't want you to work the old established racket—the reputations. When I want them I'll go to them with a pocketful of rocks—knock-down argument. But my idea is to deal with the volunteer material. Look at the way the periodicals are carried on now! Names! names! names! In a country that's just boiling over with literary and artistic ability of every kind the new fellows have no chance. The editors all engage their material. I don't believe there are fifty volunteer contributions printed in a year in all the New York magazines. It's all wrong; it's suicidal. *Every Other Week* is going back to the good old anonymous system, the only fair system. It's worked well in literature, and it will work well in art."

"It *won't* work well in art," said Beaton. "There you have a totally different set of conditions. What you'll get by inviting volunteer illustrations will be a lot of amateur trash. And how are you going to submit your literature for illustration? It can't be done. At any rate, *I* won't undertake to do it."

"We'll get up a School of Illustration," said Fulkerson, with cynical security. "You can read the things and explain 'em, and your pupils can make their sketches under your eye. They wouldn't be much further out than most illustrations are if they never knew what they were illustrating. You might select from what comes in and make up a sort of pictorial variations to the literature without any particular reference to it. Well, I understand you to accept?"

"No, you don't."

"That is, to consent to help us with your advice and criticism. That's all I want. It won't commit you to anything; and you can be as anonymous as anybody." At the door Fulkerson added: "By-the-way, the new man—the fellow that's taken my old syndicate business—will want you to keep on; but I guess he's going to try to beat you down on the price of the letters. He's going in for retrenchment. I brought along a check for this one; I'm to pay for that." He offered Beaton an envelope.

"I can't take it, Fulkerson. The letter's paid for already." Fulkerson stepped forward and laid the envelope on the table among the tubes of paint.

"It isn't the letter merely. I thought you wouldn't object to a little advance on your *Every Other Week* work till you kind of got started."

Beaton remained inflexible. "It can't be done, Fulkerson. Don't I tell you I can't sell myself out to a thing I don't believe in? Can't you understand that?"

"Oh yes, I can understand that first-rate. I don't want to buy you; I want to borrow you. It's all right. See? Come round when you can; I'd like to introduce you to old March. That's going to be our address." He put a card on the table beside the envelope, and Beaton allowed him to go without making him take the check back. He had remembered his father's plea; that unnerved him, and he promised himself again to return his father's poor little check, and to work on that picture and give it to Fulkerson for the check he had left and for his back debts. He resolved to go to work on the picture at once; he had set his palette for it; but first he looked at Fulkerson's check. It was for only fifty dollars, and the canny Scotch blood in Beaton rebelled; he could not let this picture go for any such money; he felt a little like a man whose generosity has been trifled with. The conflict of emotions broke him up, and he could not work.

IV.

The day wasted away in Beaton's hands; at half past four o'clock he went out to tea at the house of a lady who was At Home that afternoon from four till seven. By this time Beaton was in possession of one of those other selves, of which we each have several about us, and was again the laconic, staccato, rather worldlified young artist whose moments of a controlled utterance and a certain distinction of manner had commended him to Mrs. Horn's fancy in the summer at St. Barnaby.

Mrs. Horn's rooms were large, and they never seemed very full, though this perhaps was because people were always so quiet. The ladies, who outnumbered the men ten to one, as they always do at a New York tea, were dressed in sympathy with the low tone every one spoke in, and with the subdued light, which gave a crepuscular uncertainty to the few objects, the dim pictures, the unexcited upholstery, of the rooms. One breathed free of bric-à-brac there, and the new-comer breathed softly as one does on going into church after service has begun. This might be a suggestion from the voiceless behavior of the man-servant who let you in, but it was also because Mrs. Horn's At Home was a ceremony, a decorum, and not a festival. At far greater houses there was more gayety, at richer houses there was more freedom; the suppression at Mrs. Horn's was a personal, not a social, effect; it was an efflux of her character—intense, silentious, vague, but very correct.

Beaton easily found his way to her around the grouped skirts and among the detached figures, and received a pressure of welcome from the hand which she momentarily relaxed from the teapot. She sat behind a table put crosswise of a remote corner, and offered tea to people whom a niece of hers received provisionally or sped finally in the outer room. They did not usually take tea, and when they did they did not usually drink it; but Beaton was feverishly glad of his cup; he took rum and lemon in it, and stood talking at Mrs. Horn's side till the next arrival should displace him: he talked in his French manner.

"I have been hoping to see you," she said. "I wanted to ask you about the Leightons. Did they really come?"

"I believe so. They are in town—yes. I haven't seen them."

"Then you don't know how they're getting on—that pretty creature, with her cleverness, and poor Mrs. Leighton? I was afraid they were venturing on a rash experiment. Do you know where they are?"

"In West Eleventh Street somewhere. Miss Leighton is in Mr. Wetmore's class."

"I must look them up. Do you know their number?"

"Not at the moment. I can find out."

"Do," said Mrs. Horn. "What courage they must have, to plunge into New York as they've done! I really didn't think they would. I wonder if they've succeeded in getting anybody into their house yet?"

"I don't know," said Beaton.

"I discouraged their coming all I could," she sighed, "and I suppose you did too. But it's quite useless trying to make people in a place like St. Barnaby understand how it is in town."

"Yes," said Beaton. He stirred his tea, while inwardly he tried to believe that he had really discouraged the Leightons from coming to New York. Perhaps the vexation of his failure made him call Mrs. Horn in his heart a fraud.

"Yes," she went on. "It is very, very hard. And when they won't understand, and rush on their doom, you feel that they are going to hold you respons—"

Mrs. Horn's eyes wandered from Beaton; her voice faltered in the faded interest of her remark, and then rose with renewed vigor in greeting a lady who came up and stretched her glove across the teacups.

Beaton got himself away and out of the house with a much briefer adieu to the niece than he had meant to make. The patronizing compassion of Mrs. Horn for the Leightons filled him with indignation toward her, toward himself. There was no reason why he should not have ignored them as he had done; but there was a feeling. It was his nature to be careless, and he had been spoiled into recklessness; he neglected everybody, and only remembered them when it suited his whim or his convenience; but he fiercely resented the inattention of others toward himself. He had no scruple about breaking an engagement or failing to keep an appointment; he made promises without thinking of their fulfilment, and not because he was a faithless person, but because he was imaginative, and expected at the time to do what he said, but was fickle, and so did not. As most of his shortcomings were of a society sort, no great harm was done to anybody else. He had contracted somewhat the circle of his acquaintance by what some people called his rudeness, but most people treated it as his oddity, and were patient with it. One lady said she valued his coming when he said he would come because it had the charm of the unexpected. "Only it shows that it isn't always the unexpected that happens," she explained.

It did not occur to him that his behavior was immoral; he did not realize that it was creating a reputation if not a character for him. While we are still young we do not realize that our actions have this effect. It seems to us that people will judge us from what we think and feel. Later we find out that this is impossible; perhaps we find it out too late; some of us never find it out at all.

In spite of his shame about the Leightons, Beaton had no present intention of looking them up or sending Mrs. Horn their address. As a matter of fact, he never did send it; but he happened to meet Mr. Wetmore and his wife at the restaurant where he dined, and he got it of the painter for himself. He did not ask him how Miss Leighton was getting on; but Wetmore launched out, with Alma for a tacit text, on the futility of women generally going in for art. "Even when they have talent they've got too much against them. Where a girl doesn't seem very strong, like Miss Leighton, no amount of *chic* is going to help."

His wife disputed him on behalf of her sex, as women always do.

"No, Dolly," he persisted; "she'd better be home milking the cows and leading the horse to water."

"Do you think she'd better be up till two in the morning at balls and going all day to receptions and luncheons?"

"Oh, I guess it isn't a question of that, even if she weren't drawing. You knew them at home?" he said to Beaton.

"Yes."

"I remember. Her mother said you suggested me. Well, the girl has some notion of it; there's no doubt about that. But—she's a woman. The trouble with all these talented girls is that they're *all* woman. If they weren't, there wouldn't be much chance for the men, Beaton. But we've got Providence on our own side from the start. I'm able to watch all their inspirations with perfect composure. I know just how soon it's going to end in nervous break-down. Somebody ought to marry them all and put them out of their misery."

"And what will you do with your students who are married already?" his wife said. She felt that she had let him go on long enough.

"Oh, they ought to get divorced."

"You ought to be ashamed to take their money, if that's what you think of them."

"My dear, I have a wife to support."

Beaton intervened with a question. "Do you mean that Miss Leighton isn't standing it very well?"

"How do I know? She isn't the kind that bends; she's the kind that breaks."

After a little silence Mrs. Wetmore asked, "Won't you come home with us, Mr. Beaton?"

"Thank you; no. I have an engagement."

"I don't see why that should prevent you," said Wetmore. "But you always *were* a punctilious cuss. Well!"

Beaton lingered over his cigar; but no one else whom he knew came in, and he yielded to the threefold impulse of conscience, of curiosity, of inclination, in going to call at the Leightons'. He asked for the ladies, and the maid showed him into the parlor, where he found Mrs. Leighton and Miss Woodburn.

The widow met him with a welcome neatly marked by resentment; she meant him to feel that his not coming sooner had been noticed. Miss Woodburn bubbled and gurgled on, and did what she could to mitigate his punishment, but she did not feel authorized to stay it, till Mrs. Leighton, by studied avoidance of her daughter's name, obliged Beaton to ask for her. Then Miss Woodburn caught up her work, and said, "Ah'll go and tell her, Mrs. Leighton." At the top of the stairs she found Alma, and Alma tried to make it seem as if she had not been standing there. "Mah goodness, chald! there's the handsomest young man asking for you down there you evah saw. Ah told you' mothah Ah would come up fo' you."

"What—who is it?"

"Don't you *know?* But ho' could you? He's got the most beautiful eyes, and he wea's his hai' in a bang, and he talks English like it was something else, and his name's Mr. Beaton."

"Did he—ask for me?" said Alma, with a dreamy tone. She put her hand on the stairs rail, and a little shiver ran over her.

"Didn't Ah tell you? Of co'se he did! And you ought to go raght down if you want to save the poo' fellah's lahfe; you' mothah's just freezin' him to death."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

All the resources of science and mechanical ingenuity have been applied during the past quarter of a century to the alleviation of the discomforts and half-comical terrors of the Channel passage, but hitherto with very little effect except that of shortening the duration of the unpleasant voyage. It is probable, indeed, that until the advent of the millennium has encouraged the English people to dig their long-projected submarine tunnel, this turbulent and fickle strip of "silver sea," which has so well served Shakespeare's England

> "in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happy lands,"

will continue to be the head-quarters of the demon of *mal de mer* and all his spiteful train. The epithet "choppy" is the one generally used to describe the waters of the Channel, and for ordinary purposes the term is sufficiently exact. If any one chooses to inquire into the causes of the disagreeable phenomenon he is respectfully referred to Professor Tyndall, who will be glad to enlighten him as to the principles of the reciprocal interference of like and unlike phases of waves, complicated as their interaction is by violent opposing currents and squalls which impart to the surface of the water that curious appearance of confused dancing hummocks, which have the same effect upon the unhappy voyager as if forty thousand devils, each with a long bar and a leverage, were amusing themselves by tossing the boat about; so that there never is a man who retains enough of his senses to describe the actions of a vessel on a day of storm. On such a day the Channel boat can in the thousandth part of an instant transform herself from a flying-fish or a balloon to a deep-sea monster with no soul for air, and can threaten more capsizes in more separate directions at once than a man's brain is competent to realize. There are few human structures which can go so high or so low, or so far to the right or the left, or so much upon its back, or so little upon its proper surface, or so much upon its beam ends, or its stern, or its bows, or can fly through the air more rapidly, or can strike the water with more force, or can shiver and plunge and rear and fall back again with more diabolical celerity, than this particular craft.

In shape the Channel boat is equally independent. Her distinguishing features are her broad beam, rakish bows, and huge paddles, which are fitted with feathering floats instead of the conventional fixed floats. The object of feathering the floats is that it maintains them in a perpendicular position during the whole time that they are in the water. The floats enter and leave the water in the manner offering the least resistance, and have the maximum effect upon the water all the time they are immersed. For short distances like this, paddle-wheel boats are preferable to screws for many reasons—one reason, of course, being that they do not roll to anything like the same extent as screws. There is not a cruiser that sails the sea with her score of guns that is a braver craft than this stanch little packet, as she struggles desperately on her course through the seething waters. She is strong, swift, and buoyant, for she was built expressly for the purpose. She was planned and constructed with an eye to the awful power of the water, and under the care of men who knew the strength of the dreadful winds. She is so safe that though she is among the fastest vessels in the world, and she has to cross the track of a constant stream of vessels of all sorts and sizes going up and down the Channel, yet accidents to her are almost unheard of.

And yet with all these advantages what a dismal spectacle is presented by her deck before perhaps she has been half an hour out of port! Some hardened old stagers may be able to withstand the strain, and even to parade their accomplishments in this respect before their less seasoned fellow-passengers, like the two solid-looking Britons in the foreground of the picture, but for all their well-assumed *insouciance* it costs them a serious effort to maintain their equilibrium—internal and external. The lady on the left, who has assumed a scientific position, carefully rehearsed before embarkation, has just escaped a drenching, and is being solicited by her inferior half to betake herself to a more sheltered position. It will presently be the turn of the demure-looking inhabitants of the umbrellas on the starboard side to receive a shower-bath—a contingency to which the hopeless-looking old gentleman in the arm-chair is utterly and miserably indifferent. For him the world, including his extensive assortment of "traps," is well lost, and he presents a deplorable contrast to the plebeian-looking individual who is placidly smoking his pipe under the bridge. The sea, indeed, is a great leveller—of conventionalities as well as of other things—and it is a pity that the shaking up that these get in the course of a short but stormy voyage across the Channel should not prove more lasting in its effects.

U. S. S. "CHARLESTON."

Though the preliminary trial of the new partially protected cruiser *Charleston* has not been successful, yet her unofficial performances seem to justify the belief that in the end she will be a notable addition to our navy. Special interest has centred in her because she is, of the larger ships proposed by Mr. Cleveland's administration, the first to be tried, and by the other pregnant fact that she emphasizes the creation of a new industry upon the Pacific coast.

The design was purchased abroad, and is in essentials an exact copy of the English-built Japanese cruiser *Naniwa Kan*, which belongs to the all-steel, twin-screw, central-superstructured type. She was laid down in August, 1887, was built under government supervision and of domestic material, and was launched early in the winter of 1888. Her machinery and boilers illustrate a marked improvement upon the motive power of the *Atlanta* class, for while in that type 3500 horse-power was guaranteed with 600 tons of machinery, in the *Charleston* 7000 horse-power had to be developed with 710 tons of machinery, or an increase in favor of the latter design of nearly two to one. The *Charleston's* motive power consists of two sets of horizontal two-cylinder compound engines, which are estimated to develop 7500 indicated horse-power (500 above the penalized contract), and a speed of 19 knots with forced draft. Until October, 1887, when the *Reina Regente* made 20.6 knots, the *Naniwa Kan* had realized the greatest speed ever attained by a vessel of her size and class, and it may be interesting to note these performances as an index of what ought to be expected of the *Charleston.* Two trials were made, each with different screws. Upon the first the Japanese cruiser developed a speed of 18.775 knots with 7370 horse-power and 123.22 revolutions, and on the second experiment she attained a speed of 18.903 knots with 7650 horse-power and 121.7 revolutions.

In the official report of the *Charleston's* trial off Santa Barbara, it is stated that she made 18½ knots with 5225 horse-power and 107 revolutions, the lack of power being due to the heating of the starboard engine slides. Should further investigation, therefore, prove that no mistakes were made in the data telegraphed, we may congratulate ourselves on having afloat the fastest war vessel of the partially protected type, inasmuch as the treatment of these results, upon the scientific relations of speed to resistance, shows that her ultimate speed with the full horse-power anticipated will give a maximum of nearly 20.5 knots. But until this specific news is received there must be some reserve in accepting a statement which practically declares that with two ships exactly alike one will run 18.25 knots on about two-thirds of the power required to drive the other 18.77 knots, or a difference of only about a half-knot between the results achieved, in one case with 5225 and in the other with 7650 horse-powers.

Since the *Charleston* was originally designed a change has been made in her battery, and she is now to carry two 8-inch breech-loading rifle guns, mounted fore and aft on the longitudinal midship line, and six 6-inch guns of the same class, distributed three in each broadside on sponsons which project slightly and have deeply recessed bulwarks to admit of increased train. The secondary battery consists of four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, six Hotchkiss revolving cannons, and four above-water torpedo tubes.

In general dimensions the ship is 320 feet in length, 46 feet in beam, 18 feet 6 inches in draught, and 3730 tons in displacement. The normal coal allowance is 328 tons, but the bunker capacity is 800 tons, and this will give her an effective radius of 2277 miles at 16.5 knots, 3229 at 15.6 knots, and 6450 at 10 knots. It must be remembered in comparing vessels of the partially protected cruiser class that none of them carries an ounce of side armor; the engines, boilers, and magazines, and the reserve of stability, being guarded in the first case by a protective steel deck, which varies in thickness from two to three inches, extends from below the level of the water-line over the whole ship, and curves from the point of the ram to the extremity of the stern. Beneath this the engine and boiler spaces are surrounded by coal, the double bottom is subdivided into many water-tight compartments, and each of the bunkers and subdivisions made by the longitudinal and transverse bulkheads is directly connected with powerful steam-pumps.

Taken altogether, the *Charleston* is a modern ship of the type best suited to our necessities, and her final achievements will be awaited with an interest that has now become more than national.

INDIAN SCOUTS.

With his customary fidelity to facts derived from personal observation, Mr. Zogbaum gives a sketch of a party of Cheyenne scouts in this number of the Weekly. The practice of employing friendly Indians as allies of the white troops has come down to us from the earliest colonial days, it being only a part of the system always adopted by Great Britain, France, and other nations, and applied to every part of the world. But our force of enlisted red men is always small. The act of 1866 prescribes that Indian scouts to the number of 1000 may be employed in the Territories and Indian country, who shall receive the pay and allowances of cavalry soldiers. But inasmuch as they are included in the maximum of 25,000 enlisted men allowed to the army, the tendency is to keep down their numbers as much as practicable. Even in time of war the maximum is not reached, and in peace the Indian scouts all told do not usually aggregate more than two or three hundred. A return made last year showed that they were 200 strong, including 24 sergeants, 16 corporals, and 160 privates.

It will be seen that the arrangements for employing Indian trailers in our army are liberal. They can rise to the grades of sergeant and corporal; they serve under their own non-commissioned officers; and they have the same pay, rations, and uniform as white troops. In addition, on furnishing their own mounts, they receive a *per diem* allowance of, we believe, about forty cents for the horses. All this, of course, is over and above the regular issues of provisions, etc., which as members of their respective tribes they receive with other agency Indians. They are stationed at various posts on the reservations, the numbers at any particular time depending much on the needs of the region. They are generally selected from the most warlike and efficient young men, some of them, notably among the Cheyennes, having been the fiercest and bravest of their tribe during the wars they waged against their present allies.

That the Indian scouts are invaluable allies is beyond all question. Of course there are drawbacks to their employment. Some experienced and well-informed officers consider that the military drill takes away a little from their efficiency, but they are usually docile and easily taught. Instances also have been known in which, as on one occasion in Arizona, the scouts themselves have created an outbreak; but in general their fidelity and obedience are well attested. General Crook, whose experience and skill both in fighting and negotiating with Indians are widely known, has repeatedly declared that Indian scouts are absolutely indispensable to successful campaigning against hostiles. General Miles declares that one unequalled feature of their military skill is that of "rapidly passing over a country, noting every feature of it, and observing their enemies without exposing themselves or being discovered." Of the practice of employing Indians as scouts he once said, "It cures them of their restlessness, they earn some money, and when not actively employed they have a chance to do a little hunting." It was on this principle that, when the last Indian disturbance broke out—that of Sword-Bearer on the Crow Reservation—one of General Ruger's first steps after it had been quelled was to recommend the enlistment of some of the warlike young Crows as scouts, in order to give a better direction to their belligerent energies. Some famous operations have been conducted by cavalry officers in charge of Indian scouts, such as that of Captain Crawford against Geronimo in Mexico.

A PORTRAIT BY SARGENT.

A fact worthy of remark, and one which may be interpreted in various ways, is the favor shown in Europe to artists of American birth. No question but that they win on their own merits—not because they are American, nor because they have influence. When the Royal Academy bought Mr. John Sargent's painting of children in a garden with the income from the Chantrey Bequest, it was flying in the face of English opinion and precedent. Complaints were then made that a foreigner should have been preferred, when plenty of deserving Britons were ready to sacrifice their pictures in the same way. Now another favor has come to Mr. Sargent, for to paint the portrait of an idol of the British stage like Miss Ellen Terry is almost as national a distinction as to receive a commission for a picture from Queen Victoria, an honor which befell Mr. William Gedney Bunce lately during the Queen's stay at Biarritz. No actress on the London stage can compare with this talented woman in the estimation of London critics, and the public shows her as much regard as it gives to the oldest favorites. When Mr. Sargent deserted Paris, where his education as an artist was finished, it pleased the English to start with. The purchase under the Chantrey Bequest was a recognition from artists; and now the big world of London is addressed in a portrait of Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth.

The artist has refrained from the conventional thing by declining to paint her as the somnambulist glaring at her hands by taper-shine. He has presented her in a movement which belongs to the actress rather than the text of the tragedy, being one of those pieces of by-play which are so effective when used with discretion to fill up by action the bare lines of a text. Lady Macbeth is either tempting her husband or trying to soothe him with the sight of a crown; either luring him on to the murder of Duncan or consoling him for the committed crime, by showing him the symbol of that royalty at which he clutches. She raises the crown high above her head, with an expression that reveals the uneasiness of her mind. In this expression the painter has shown the greatest cleverness, though it need hardly be said that technically the work is not wanting in good qualities. But that Mr. Sargent should seize on a novel composition for Lady Macbeth, and lend to the countenance of a popular actress a look of very decided tragic interest, are achievements which speak well for his powers. To this may be added, if in the estimation of most people it should not be placed before everything else, that a very remarkable likeness of Miss Terry has been won.

It is true art to take an idea already presented in another field and stamp it afresh. The wife of the Thane of Cawdor is a creation for whom there is little warrant in history, for Old Wyntoun (Androwe of Wyntowne, Canon of St. Andrews and Prior of Lochleven, about A.D. 1400) has nothing to say about her in the *Cronykil of Scotland*, but does relate how Macbeth was the son of the Devil, who visited his mother in the shape of a very beautiful man, and how this devilish parentage caused Macbeth to murder Duncan, his king and uncle, and then marry his aunt Grwok:

> "The fantasy thus of his dreme
> Movyd hym mast to sla hys eme (uncle),
> As he dyd all furth in dede,
> As befor yhe herd me rede,
> And Dame Grwok hys emys wyff
> Tuk and led wyth hyr hys lyff,
> And held hyr bathe hys wyff and gweyne,
> As befor than scho had beyne.
> For lytyll in honoure than had he
> The greys off affynyté."

Shakespeare softened the harshness of this character of Macbeth by making Lady Macbeth the tempter and the sufferer for the crime she instigated, without a hint of the coarse trait quite in keeping with Scotland in the eleventh century, of a murderous nephew taking his uncle's wife in marriage. The psychology is of course far finer if Macbeth is given a weak rather than a fiendish character; he is faithful to his wife, and instead of murdering Duncan openly and seizing the throne, tries to get rid of the persons who stand between him and his ambition by treacherous means, so that he can deny complicity in their takings-off. The poet has also condensed history with his usual mastership; for Wyntoun rambles on to say that Macbeth only became king after the death of his aunt and wife, when his reign lasted for seventeen years. Notwithstanding his paternity, the Father of Lies permitted his son to govern Scotland very well.

> "All thys tyme wes gret plenté
> Abowndand bath in land and se;
> He wes in justice rycht lawchfull,
> And till hys legis all awfull.
> Quhen Leo the Tend was Pape off Rome,
> As pylgryne to the Curt he come."

The fable of his paternity may be explained from political causes, the earlier writers from whom Wyntoun took it being moved thereto by a desire to curry favor with princes opposed to Macbeth's line; but so far as the journey to Rome is concerned, David Laing has pointed out that a contemporary, Marianus Scotus, speaks of the lavish distribution of silver by Macbeth to the poor in the streets of Rome.

Mr. Sargent has been educated in Europe, but his first successes were with his country people here and abroad. A visit to Spain appears to have given him that mental stimulus which most artists need at one period or another. It was after this visit to the galleries where Velasquez is seen at his best that New York learned to know him. A life-size painting of a Spanish woman dancing at a café made a decided sensation when it was first shown here. Since then we have had many portraits and sketches to give us an idea of his artistic worth. On several occasions he has revisited his native land. Two portraits of ladies are now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Galleries among the pictures of the Society of American Artists, and the recent Academy exhibition had one portrait by him of a young girl.

Sometimes he inclines to a certain hardness in workmanship, not the metallic hardness common enough among older American painters, but the hardness that seems to come from an artificial lighting of the sitter. Often the portrait is neglected in some details, in order to give force to more important points. Many look as if they had been wrought at high pressure and with great speed. He does not always catch the most characteristic traits of a sitter, but rarely does his work lack the appearance of a brilliant feat of painting. The Ellen Terry is undoubtedly the most successful thing he has offered for view, since it is not only a likeness, not only novel in pose, not only painted as to the long handsome robe and jewelled zone with the greatest spirit and love of the art, but it expresses something more than all these—a conception of the dramatic possibilities in the character of Lady Macbeth.

THE QUEEN OF DREAMS.

All day, where clouds flock through the sky,
The Queen of Dreams abides on high.

She has peaks of snow and caverns of fire,
Glittering castles and dungeons dire,

And giants and dwarfs and monsters rare
Follow her beck through the lucid air.

Amid the wavering train she dwells,
Where the wind forever sinks and swells,

Singing its marvels, low or loud,
Through opal vapor or sunset cloud.

But at night, when shadows on earth lie deep,
And weary mortals are wrapped in sleep,

The wild Queen comes, with her mystic power,
To cast her spell on the perished hour.

She bids a faded moonlight fall
Yellow once more on hut or hall,

And conjures back their fickle grace
To the grief-bowed form and the wrinkled face.

Hope that was starved and love that was slain
In her wondrous presence revive again;

Earth smiles in a tender, unknown light,
And this woful waste is a garden bright,

Where the heavy burdens of wrong and care
By a soft enchantment grow light as air.

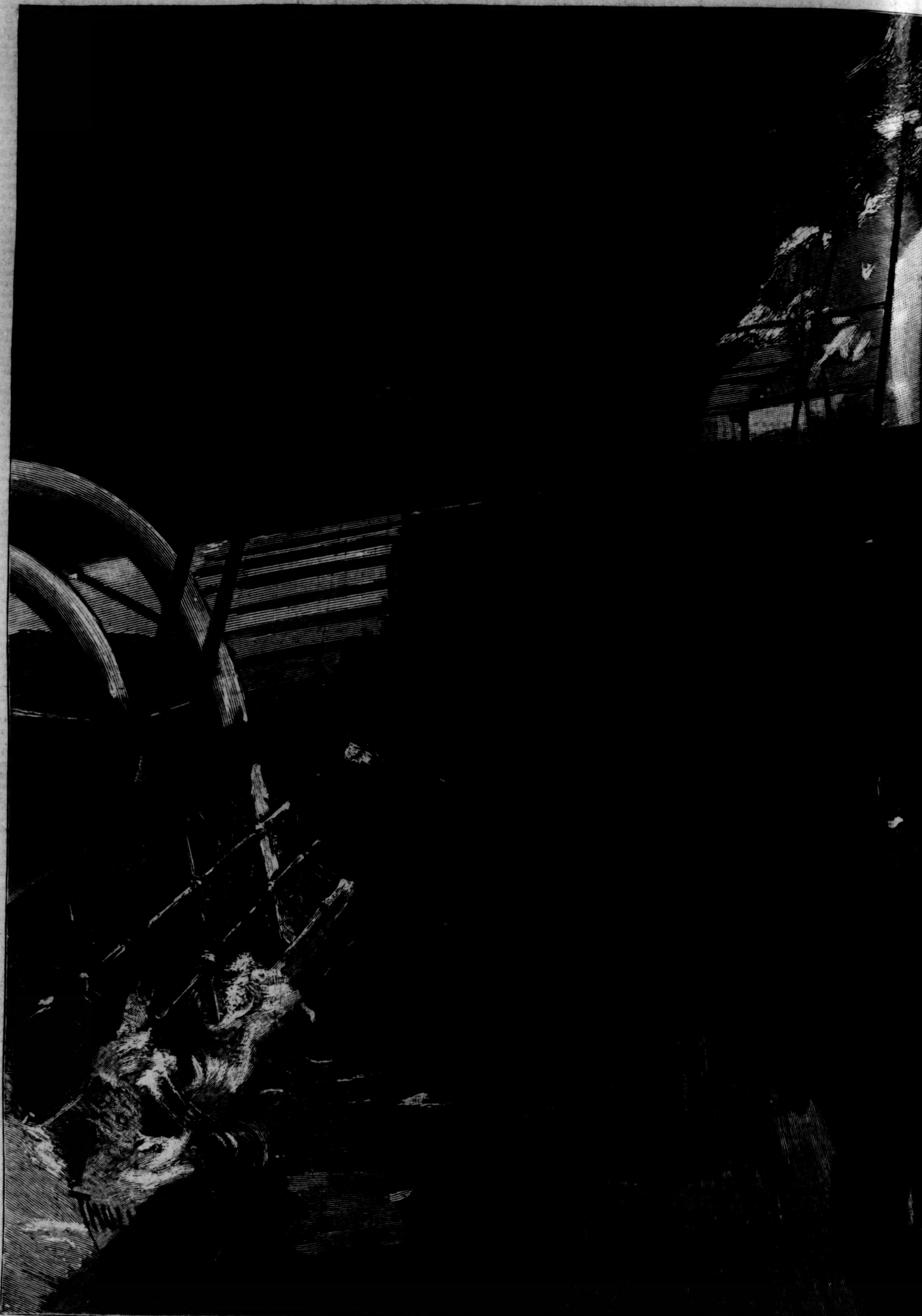
Restless and sad, for her mercy pray
Those spirits who pine for a vanished day;

The livelong night to the darksome skies
Like smoke from fire their prayers arise:
"O come, sweet Queen, and bring us again
The delight of old and the old-time pain;

For no gift to our hungering souls can seem
One-half so fair as a fleeting dream;

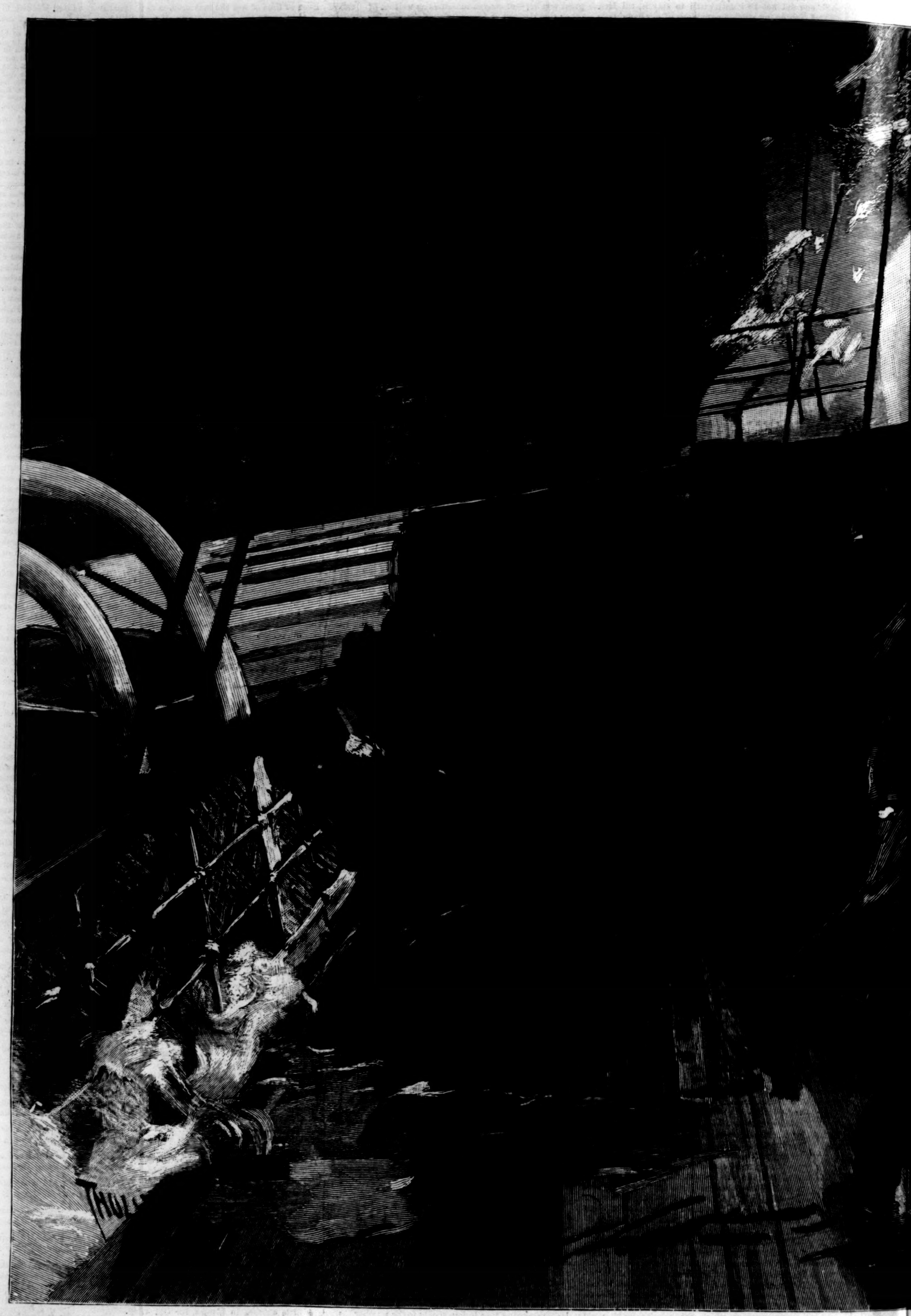
And this desolate life holds naught so dear
As the echo of by-gone hope and fear."

Zoe Dana Underhill.

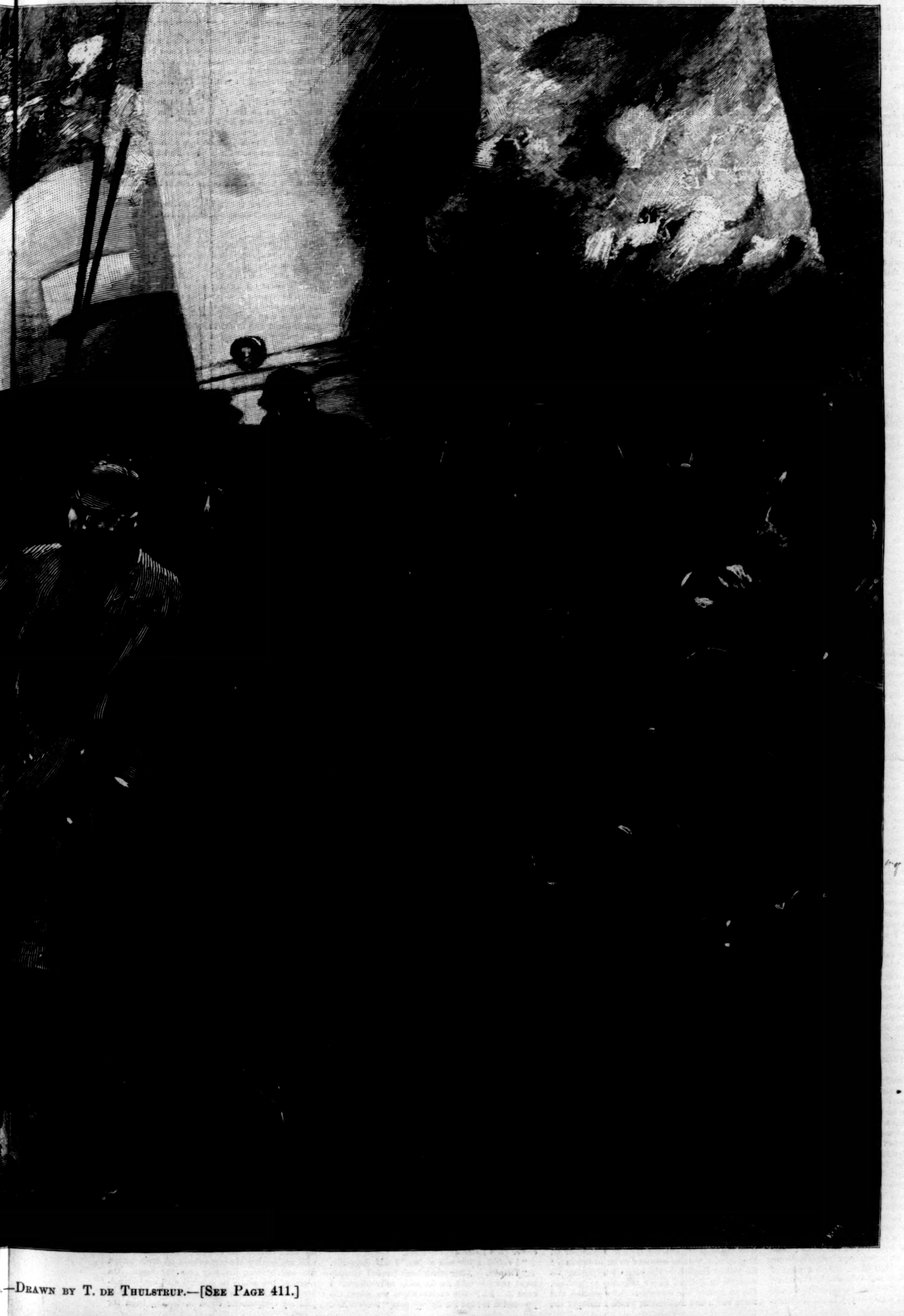


CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.—

EL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 411.]



CROSSING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—



.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 411.]

YOU THOUGHT OF ME.

WHAT bond is this that draws my life to yours?—
Mine that, till now, for you was but a name.
As one who finds a trail on lonely shores,
You thought of me: I came!

From far off, through the shadows of the storm,
A sail loomed dark and strange; yet 'twas the same
That, now drawn near, shines white with sunlight warm;
So unto you I came.

Like words unspoken, that the mind has guessed,
Like air that some deep odor stirs to flame,
So has my spirit followed your behest.
You thought of me: I came.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE BIFURCATED CRIME.

"WHEN a man's single, his pockets do jingle." Do they? I think not. At least it depends. Fitch and I were single as we sat staring disconsolately at Mrs. Allen's invitation for the 19th, and nothing but a profound hush pervaded our pockets.

"It is certainly awkward," said Fitch, after a dismal pause. "If this work was finished, or it was later in the month; but now—it is most uncommonly awkward."

And it really was. I appeal to you, when a man is invited to a ball (his first), and possesses no—well, trousers to suit with the coat and waistcoat he intends borrowing from his friends, and no money or credit to either buy or hire anything to fill in the gap, is it not, to say the least, embarrassing? When the ball is also given by the mother of the girl he thinks he adores, it is infuriating, and I "made it so." I snubbed all Fitch's attempts to place the situation in a humorous light, and refused to enter into any of his innocent jests as to the possibility of materializing our idea of Poole's best efforts in that line, or the feasibility of—all other resources failing—my robbing the lay-figure of its pink silk tights, and presenting myself to Mrs. Allen as a "little tin god on wheels." In short, I made myself intensely disagreeable, and sulkily announcing that I had given up all idea of going, and did not care to discuss the subject any longer, affected to be completely absorbed in the ridiculous cartoon which played so leading a part in my affairs. It was a spirited sketch of a leopard in the act of changing her spots by means of "Ingles's Imperial and Imperishable Dye." In the background a line of small leopards was hung by their tails to dry, while their mother, seated in a tub, sponging her head, smilingly observed that variety was the spice of life, and for her part she was heartily sick of polka dots. True, it was not art, but it was lucrative, which art was not to me at that period of my life. Near my block lay the notable invitation, the problem; and its solution, waiting like Keely's motor for the missing link; and there it might have waited as long as the motor, had it not been for Fitch, who by a positive inspiration evolved the idea productive of such astonishing results.

Over this idea I draw a veil.

Three hours later there came a soft knock at our studio door. We glanced guiltily at each other. "A prowling female!" hissed Fitch. Then, prompt in action as usual, carried into our bedroom a wash-boiler filled with inky fluid; a basin ditto; four towels; a mahl-stick; and a pair of trousers. *All wet; all black; all fragrant.*

With a parting wink my accomplished friend closed the door with his foot and left me to my fate. I on my part placed chairs where they would do the most good, drew the curtains, shoved my hands into a pair of gloves, and advanced airily to admit Mrs. Fergus Karrick, who announced with a joyous laugh that she expected to meet an elderly friend who would arrive shortly, and sank gracefully into a chair, where I noticed with artistic admiration the contrast of the dark fur on her gown with its pale gray tints. A charming woman—very charming under ordinary circumstances—but at that moment horribly disconcerting. Hampered by the memory of "Ingles, his dye," I was in no mood to do the honors properly, nor did her opening remarks reassure me. She said that I wore a hangdog air; she said that I looked furtive; she said that I had been cremating a refractory model when she arrived, and that the mingled bouquet of steam-laundry and mourning store was simply baked Italian. She laughed wickedly at my lame story of a color-grinding experiment and a new vehicle of startling strength, and then—then I made a discovery that stopped the action of my heart, and for an instant paralyzed every faculty. Mrs. Karrick was sitting in a pool of the Imperial Imperishable.

Now Ingles boasted that the fiendish stuff was ineffaceable. I have not the honor to know Ingles; I do not know that I want it; but that is what he said. Of course he might have sacrificed truth to his advertisement, but the word used was *ineffaceable.* I had made my mark in good earnest. From waist to feet a cascade of pale pearl gray folds flowed gently over the wire annex to Mrs. Karrick's trim figure, and in the centre of these was the proof of my crime in the shape of a large map of Europe done in black. Through my brain floated hazy ideas as to new gores. Suppose I were to confess all and offer a new gore, if that were the proper term; suppose in that case she were to have hysterics; suppose she were to hear me in bitter silence, and go away and make a good story out of the affair! She was a dauntless little woman, who grasped not only the bush, but both birds. With a wing of society in one hand and Bohemia in the other, her stories had a wide field for circulation; and I was told she had a very happy knack of humorously blending truth and fiction that made her good things welcome everywhere. That settled it. I crushed my aching conscience under foot, and drew up my chair. When Mrs. Karrick left, half an hour later, she carried with her two distinct impressions of me—one on her heart, and the other on her pearly draperies. What would she do with them? As she disappeared around the corner, Fitch and I regarded each other like two murderers. And after a dark silence, "The question is," said Fitch, with an effort at cheerfulness, "what will remove this stuff from the skin? We could put up hands with the late lamented Mr. Crowley."

In the week intervening between the crime and the ball we discovered that soda, lemon, borax, milk, lard, ammonia, benzine, and naphtha only intensified the shadows about our knuckles and between our fingers; also that the effect of aniline dyes on the human skin was a subject little understood by apothecaries in general, and the inane bit of blond masculinity in particular who presided over the soda-water fountain in the corner drug store, and whose chief ambition seemed to be to ring the changes on "I really don't know, I am sure." Therefore, like the heroes of occult romances, we took to a course of mysterious old men, and after patient research unearthed an old, old artist, who gave us the following recipe: "Use soft soap, warm water, and time—plenty of time"—was the advice of the sage, which we found good. By the evening of the 19th my hands were all they should be, together with my appearance—at least the fellows said so; that is, the few who, by virtue of certain proprietary interests, had the right to assist at my toilette.

"Tell Mrs. Allen," said Fitch, gravely, as I took up my gibbous hat (that is, Saunders's gibbous hat), "that we should cheerfully have overlooked the formality of an invitation and accompanied you, only that it seemed better to send you as a composite photograph of 'the gang' and its dress suit. Under these circumstances I am sure she will pardon our unavoidable absence, and receive you with the consideration due the five men you represent."

And then I felt a sudden misgiving. If I wanted a jolly evening, here were the materials at hand—a comfortable room, shabby but pleasing to the artistic eye; five good fellows ready to chaff, laugh, sing; plenty of beer and pipes, and no agony about "the correct thing"—but also no Sara Allen. That decided it. I closed the door resolutely and hurried off toward the Allen mansion.

Sara Allen was the sixth only girl I had ever loved; that is, then. Just why I loved Sara I could not have said. She was pretty, stylish, clev— Well, not so very clever, but coquettish, fascinating, distracting. But I loved her for none of these qualities; I loved her because she was she, as I had done the other six—or was it five? There have been a number since then, and I am not altogether sure of my figures. At no point, though, did my fatuity rise to the point of fancying my passion returned. Reason, with the cool, venomous candor peculiar to her, pointed out that a desperately enamored young lady would hardly wait three months after her return to town before remembering her wish to see something of me in the winter; also, that an invitation to a large dance could hardly be tortured into a sentimental desire for a tête-à-tête. On the other hand, there were the beautiful moonlight nights when Miss Sara Allen had gently led me to infer that I was the "tree on which the fruit of her heart was growing," and that though sadly hampered by a mercenary family, her own aspirations pointed toward a snug little island with just room for an easel and an artist husband; and the moonlight had it. So that it was in a tolerably confident frame of mind that I presented myself to Mrs. Allen, and I was not even daunted by the fact that she entirely failed to recognize me until I mentioned my name and Quasset House, whereupon she smiled blandly and murmured, "Ah, yes, *so* ridiculous; certainly I *do* remember now"; and gave me to understand that though my features had vanished from her recollection, she could still recall my knickerbockers and Tam o' Shanter. I accepted the *amende* with great sweetness (stifling the regret I was about to utter that I could not have brought those articles to the ball), and sauntered off to find Sara.

Having found Sara, surrounded by a group of young men, whom I promptly classed as over-dressed idiots, it was only due to my condition to instantly stroll in the opposite direction, feigning unconsciousness of her presence. I felt as though I wore my state of mind and the struggles of the past week about my head as a halo to be clearly comprehended by the little group about her; besides which I seemed to feel that anything so simple as to walk up and say good-evening was not only inane, but impossible. Because if a man desires to drag a girl from the flames, or the sea, or the grip of a cyclone, it is not necessary to remember his elbows or his feet, consequently there is no difficulty in the matter; but to carry those excrescences across a brilliantly lighted room, under the fire of all those eyes, and be classed by her friends as a "fellow from nowhere," I positively could not nerve myself to do it. I therefore leaned miserably against a door, and stared at the object of my devotion, who was a radiant creature in her filmy lace gown, cut too low for my fastidiousness, had she been another girl, but at that time she was She, and I was her prophet. From her circle of adorers I singled out one man to concentrate my jealousy upon. Who was he that he should lean over her shoulder with that aggressive air of familiarity and fan her? Was it by virtue of his swarthy style of beauty, or an English title, that he assumed to be so intimate? He looked English to the core, as adjusting his monocle he directed Sara's attention toward me. For an instant she seemed slightly puzzled, and there was a bad moment in which I thought she also had forgotten me; then she bowed, made a little imperious gesture for me to approach, and I rushed across the room, elbows and feet for the nonce lost sight of in the thrilling thought that Sara wished to see me. What I said when I reached her I hardly knew; certainly no one else did. All my carefully planned speeches had vanished, leaving me a plain, unvarnished idiot. Sara was shaking hands with me; Sara was saying she was glad to see me. That was enough. I was raised above all earthly considerations for one delicious moment. And then I became aware of that troublesome article, my personal dignity. It had been affronted. I had seen some of these fellows smile—smile in a pitying manner—especially my *bête noire*, whom Sara presented as Mr. Harcourt. But I was even with him. I received his courteous advances with haughty stolidity, resolving to show him that I was not imposed on by his air of distinction, and though he might excel in some lines, I could give him points in the art of being a complete fool. As to the others, I quickly placed them in possession of the fact that I was not in society in such curt, crude sentences that no one could have blamed them if they had exclaimed, "Thank Heaven for that!" in a chorus, instead of leaving Sara and the faithful Harcourt to do duty as bear leaders alone.

As the band struck into the softly muffled chords of "Seelenliebe," Harcourt, with a deprecatory glance at my crimson face, turned to Sara. "Our waltz, I think, Miss Allen."

"I know it is," she said, in the nicest possible manner; "but I have not seen Mr. Swifter for ages; would you object to changing it for an after-supper dance, so I may take this opportunity for a little chat and a few presentations?"

"Certainly not," returned Harcourt, politely, with a bow to me, which I received in frozen silence. "Perhaps Mr. Swifter will do as much for me another time."

"It is not likely I shall have the chance," I retorted, bent on being a flawless idiot. "I am not in society."

"Then virtue must be its own reward," he said, with an amused look at Sara, who was regarding me with a rather complicated expression. "The first waltz after supper, then, Miss Allen? Thanks." Bowing, he left us.

"Now, Mr. Swifter," murmured Sara, in her adorable confiding manner, "since you will not ask me to dance, come into the conservatory out of all this glare, and let us talk about—everything."

"Do you wish to dance?" I inquired, gloomily, without moving.

"Since you put it in that way, I do not," she replied, leading the way through the palms. "Indeed, I fancy I am really tired," she said, sinking down on a bench near the fountain, and drawing a fluffy white thing over her neck. "Come, sit down and talk to me."

Talk to her! How could I? Sara in various summer combinations was distracting; but Sara in silvery white evening dress, against a background of green leaves, with Chinese lanterns throwing flecks of rose light on her golden hair, was paralyzing. What could I say to such a bewitching creature except, I love you, I love you? Why would she not understand that? Doubtless she did, for she promptly brought the conversation on to firm ground, if any ground is firm when a man is on the verge of a proposal. "I suppose," she continued, gayly, "you are now busy on the great work which is to make you famous. What is the subject? Not historical, I devoutly hope."

"No; biblical," I answered, referring to my dear leopard.

"Biblical? really?"

"No, not really; that was a joke." I gathered audacity as I proceeded. "The fact is, Miss Allen, my present ambition is to keep from returning to my original elements from lack of sustenance: in other words, to make a living. However, these struggles are not amusing."

"Ah, but they are interesting," she returned, warmly. "In biographies, you know, genius always struggles at first; and it is delightful to know men who have ambitions and aims. Do tell me all about yours. What is your dearest wish?" She leaned forward with charming interest. There was my opportunity, but she saw her mistake as soon as I, and glided smoothly on. "Now there is Mr. Harcourt. You noticed him, did you not?"

That struck me as rather cool. "Yes," I said, curtly.

"Well, he is what I call an interesting man," she resumed. "Starting poor—that is, comparatively so—he has made his way all over the world by dint of sheer pluck and energy. He entered Kairwan with the French, and wrote the loveliest book about that mysterious city and the Orient generally; he has been to Peru, Asia, Australia, and picked up some perfectly sweet things everywhere; and though he is not a bit unconventional, I think his pose and expression lift him far above the ordinary level; don't you?"

I looked at her aghast. Did she expect me to assent to this barefaced praise of a suspected rival? "No," I retorted, bluntly; "I thought he seemed the usual vapid tailor's block current in society as a man."

"It is not a crime to be well dressed." Sara's manner was very cold. "Ill-fitting clothes and long hair do not always argue genius. You, if you will pardon the personality, are very well 'turned out,' yet you are called very clever."

I bit my lip. If she only knew!

"However"—she rose, smiling brightly—"I am a very remiss hostess; everybody is filing down to supper, and there are dozens of pretty and clever girls I want you to meet."

"I would rather talk to you," I said, doggedly.

"Thanks. After that back-handed compliment, you may take me for some refreshment. I need it. Ah!" she exclaimed, as we joined the procession toward the dining-room, "there is Mrs. Karrick! What a pretty little porcelain beauty she is! You know her, I think."

As I admitted that I did, I was filled with a guilty recollection of the last time I had seen Mrs. Karrick. "She is an artist, you know," I said.

"Is she?" Miss Allen regarded me with a quizzical look. "Of course you know best; but I should hardly describe those pinky 'ideal heads' of hers as art. They are too painfully suggestive of tea stores—don't you think? Ah, Mrs. Karrick," she cried, joyously, as we reached that dainty little lady, "how glad I am to see you! Why are you so late? We were just speaking of you. You know Mr. Swifter?"

Mrs. Karrick dexterously transferred her mellifluous greeting to Miss Allen into a stony "Yes," and transfixed me with a disdainful glare. "I have good reason to recollect Mr. Swifter," she continued, with appalling distinctness; "he presented me with a mark of his esteem I can never forget—*never.*"

"A mark of his esteem?" Sara hesitated, with a puzzled glance at my discomfited face. "What was it?"

"Oh, an artist's proof—an impression unsigned, but easily recognizable. Mr. Swifter would not thank me for going into details now. You know how modest young artists are. Later I may enlighten you." With a nasty sarcastic laugh Mrs. Karrick swept on, leaving me not only the comfortable certainty that later Sara would know all she knew about the horrid accident, but that she was even then confiding her tale to her escort, who listened with evident amusement, and turned to regard me with great eagerness. My only consolation lay in the thought that she could not by any possibility imagine the truth of the affair.

These distressing misgivings, however, were completely submerged the instant we reached the supper-room, when I found it necessary to devote all my attention to the circumvention of Harcourt, who persisted in hovering about Sara in what I considered an unwarrantable way. A century ago his reward for the good-humored tolerance with which he overlooked my crushing snubs would have been a glass of wine in his face and an invitation to coffee and pistols; in these degenerate days the hot-tempered ass has no retort except sulks and sarcasm, and I rung the changes on these dull weapons until Sara's expression was a curious mixture of pity and exasperation. By way of gently rounding out the situation, Mrs. Karrick established herself opposite our party, and confided to all who approached her whatever she had said to her escort on the way down to supper, with the same result—they all turned and looked at me as he had with contemptuous amusement. Altogether I felt matters were unendurable, and was about to tear myself away from the dubious pleasure of Sara's society, when an awkward waiter precipitated events, and gave me rather more excuse for going home than I wished for. As he passed, Sara exclaimed: "Stop that man, Mr. Swifter, please; we must all have some of mamma's famous pineapple bola. She got the receipt in Berlin, and it really is delicious." As I stepped quickly forward, the miserable wretch, overhearing her request, stepped as quickly back, and we met with a crash; the tray slipped from his fingers, eighteen glasses of pineapple bola gushed over my legs, and I was a moral pulp. The immovable object had met the irresistible impulse, and the result was chaos. Naturally everybody looked up. Sara sprang to her feet, and the abject waiter, kneeling in the midst of the shattered glasses and the sticky streams of the flowing bola, proceeded to complete the ruin he had so ably begun. Seizing his napkin he scrubbed my unfortunate trousers with the energy born of remorse. In vain I begged him to desist, saying, with an agonized smile, "that it was of no consequence, and that I would retire to the dressing-room." In vain Sara, with heightened color, ordered him to leave me and remove the ruins. Besotted with fright, conscious only of his desire to atone, the wretched creature paused not until he had accomplished the secret decrees of destiny.

"May he be turned upside down, and jackasses sit upon the graves of his ancestors!"—if he has any. Pardon this flight into Persian. Anything in English available for print is too feeble to express my emotions while this instrument of an unscrupulous providence, rubbing and re-rubbing until I was in positive physical agony, suddenly held up his napkin besmeared by black streaks, and with a wild cry of "Begorra, the divilish dye is all coming off—oh, murther!" fled, followed by a little shriek of laughter from the pleased and interested observers.

And I?

Oh, Ingles! You said *ineffaceable*, but down my right leg coursed an oblong map of something (Aden, perhaps), done in light cream and chocolate plaid crossed by red bars. The pineapple bola had done its work, and Ingles's Imperial was not Imperishable. Before I fled, however, a single sentence in Mrs. Karrick's clear voice struck on my distracted ears. "The trousers, then, were what he was dyeing in the secrecy of his studio!" she said, with a rippling laugh. "Come here and I will tell you all about it." A promise I afterward learned she religiously kept. I am told that "Swifter's Experiment" is one of her stock anecdotes; and that under the title of "Dyed, but not Dead," she contributed a highly colored version to a syndicate, who sent it all over the Union.

When, however, I rushed down the stairs, an ulster veiling my variegated costume, I found Harcourt waiting, and without allowing me to push rudely by him as I had attempted, he took my arm, offered me a cigar, and walked home with me, talking of every subject on earth except the one burning its way into my brain. On reaching the studio he entered with me, ostensibly to make Fitch's acquaintance, but really to join my sympathetic chum in finding balm for my wounded feelings. And by a judicious blending of humor and common-sense they finally reconciled me to stay in New York and live down the affair, instead of starting at once for the boundless West, which was my first desperate impulse. I need scarcely say that the acquaintance formed under such peculiar circumstances ripened into friendship, and that the result of my bifurcated crime against society was hardly too high a price to pay for the pleasure of knowing such an all-round good fellow as Harcourt.

As for Sara? She married neither of us. As a matter of fact, she never had the opportunity. I am told that her husband has not "a delightful aspiration" to his name; but four millions in money and stocks, a town and country house, and a yacht will perhaps answer just as well.

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.

POETICAL INSCRIPTIONS.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

QUITE as interesting as "Poetical Dedications," and much more valuable, because more rare, are those occasional autograph inscriptions in verse to be found on the fly-leaves of certain printed books, but not originally intended to be printed themselves. They may be divided into three classes: first, those written by the author in the special copy of his own book which he has presented to his friend; second, those written by the recipient in the volume his friend the author has presented to him; and third, those written in the books of men who are known neither to donor nor recipient. They are fuller than marginal notes, and more personal and more spontaneous than dedications; they render the tomes in which they are contained absolutely unique, and sometimes they make a volume as precious to the collector of autographs as to the lover of books. A copy of *Venus and Adonis*, for instance, in which Shakespeare had written with his own hand,

"Don't steale this Booke, my little Frend,
For feare the Gallowes will be your end"

—if it existed—would be worth a mountain of First Folios of the Plays. There were only twenty-seven leaves in the little quarto volume in question, as first published in 1593, so the author could not have completed the inscription,

"If you don't beleeve this Book is mine,
Just turn to Page number ninety nine."

But as literature and as poetry the familiar quatrain is certainly as worthy of the author of *Venus and Adonis* as are the famous four lines carved upon the stone that is said to cover the dust and the bones enclosed in front of the altar of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Ancients, as the *Tatler* called them, were much given to writing sonnets to each other; but these were not always strictly personal—or strictly true; and they always found their way into their authors' printed works, if not into the publications of the authors to whom they were addressed. Milton's famous "Epitaph upon the Admirable Dramatick Poet W. Shakspere"—"dear son of memory, great heir of fame," prefixed to the Second Folio Edition of Shakespeare's plays (1632), and Wordsworth's "Sonnet to Milton," in the two volumes of "Poems by Wm. Wordsworth," first published in 1807, beginning,

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee," etc.,

are cases in point.

Among the earliest specimens of this complimentary verse are the lines addressed by Edmund Spenser to Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of Laws, printed in 1592, with "Foure Letters and Certaine Sonnettes Especially Touching Robert Greene, and Other Parties by him Abused." In an early edition of Captain John Smith's *History of Virginia* are prefixed almost a score of short poems—so called—the most notable, perhaps, being from the pen of John Donne; while George Withers congratulated his "Frend Captain Smyth upon his description of New England," in harmonious numbers in 1616. Bengemennes Jonson wrote verses "to Master John Fletcher upon his Faithfull Shepherdesse"; Fletcher wrote verses "To the True Master of his Art, B. Jonson," which are to be found in the edition of "Volpone the Foxe," printed in 1607. Beaumont wrote verses to Fletcher and Jonson, as Jonson and Fletcher both praised him; and so each did laud the other, as all three of them eulogized or were eulogized by Nat. Field and by Chapman and the rest of their contemporaries for pages.

On a blank leaf of a copy of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, Warton wrote a sonnet, which is printed among his collected poems. Neither Warton nor Dugdale is remembered now. The former was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1757 to 1767, Camden Professor of Ancient History at the same university, and poet-laureate of England from 1785 until he died in 1790, succeeding Whitehead, and immediately preceding Pye, in the long line of commonplace, half-forgotten versifiers who have held the office of court poet to the English kings. Sir William Dugdale was a distinguished antiquarian in the seventeenth century, whose *Monasticon Anglicanum* (1655–73)—a chronicle of the monastic and other foundations in England before the Reformation—has been placed next to the Doomsday Book itself as the most ancient and ample record of the history and descent of the greater portion of the landed property in the kingdom, and has even been admitted as evidence in courts of justice where original titles and documents have been lost.

The lines written by Warton in Dugdale's great work, as being comparatively unfamiliar even to the close students of English verse, and as representing fairly the class of "poetry" to which they belong, are given here in full:

"Deem not devoid of elegance the Sage
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fierce rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

Robert Burns, a contemporary of Warton, frequently expressed his affection for his friends in the blank leaves of some favorite book before presenting the volume to the object of his regard. "Miss Cruikshanks," a maiden of twelve years, in whose father's house in Edinburgh he spent some time during the winter of 1787–8, was addressed by Burns as "Beauteous Rosebud, young and gay," on the page of a now-forgotten work; and on the 1st of January, 1787, he gave a copy of Beattie's *Minstrel* to Miss Susan Logan, with the following lines:

"Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heav'n.

"No gifts have I from India's coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

"Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you!"

Miss Logan was sister to the Major Logan to whom Burns addressed one of his "Epistles," and Edwin is the hero of Beattie's poem.

Some fifty years later, in 1831 or 1832, Campbell sent a volume of his poems to his cousin Mary Sinclair, with the following inscription:

"Go, simple Book of Ballads, go
From Eaton Street in Pimlico;
It is a gift my love to show—
To Mary!

"And more its value to increase,
I swear by all the gods of Greece
It cost a seven-shilling piece—
My Mary!

"But what is gold, so bright that looks,
Or all the coins of miser's nooks,
Compared to be in thy good books—
My Mary!

"Now witness earth, and skies, and main!
The book to thee shall appertain;
I'll never ask it back again—
My Mary!

"But what, you say, shall you bestow?
For, as the world now goes, you know,
There always is a *quid pro quo*—
My Mary!

"I ask not twenty hundred kisses,
Nor smile the lover's heart that blesses,
As poets ask from other misses—
My Mary!

"I ask that till the day you die
You'll never pull my wig awry,
Nor ever quiz my poetrye—
My Mary!"

That our contemporary poets have been quite as happy in the Poetical Inscriptions as the men of other days the verses which follow will clearly prove. Many of them have never before been submitted to the public gaze, and such of them as are here printed for the first time are printed with the full consent of those to whom or by whom they are addressed. A copy of *Prince Lucifer* presented to Lord Tennyson contains these lines in the handwriting of Mr. Alfred Austin:

"Poet! In other lands, where spring no more
Fleets o'er the grass, nor in the thicket-side
Plays at being lost and laughs to be descried,
And blooms lie wilted on the orchard floor,
There the sweet birds that from the Attic shore
Across Ausonian breakers thither hied
Own that May's music in their breast hath died,
And sobering words resound not as before.
But in this privileged isle, this brave, this blest,
This deathless England, it seems always spring.
Though riper grow the days, Song takes not wing;
'Mid autumn boughs it builds another nest;
Even in the snows we lift our hearts and sing,
And still Your voice is heard above the rest."

As a Christmas greeting in 1876, Richard Henry Horne sent to Mrs. Henry Edwards an article of his own, contributed to an English magazine, and on the cover he pasted an embossed card containing the following lines:

"Though age o'er garden, field, and tree
Must cast its thoughtful ash-gray shades,
I send to thee
O'er land and sea
A Rose of Love which never fades."

While Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson's library is wonderfully rich in autograph dedications and inscriptions, he gives but two examples in his "Catalogue," printed in 1886. These are four lines he himself wrote in a presentation copy of Dr. Holmes's *Songs of Many Seasons*, and four verses written by Mr. William Morris in a copy of his *Love is Enough*, addressed as follows, "To Hannah Jane Lampson":

"Spring am I, too soft of heart
Much to speak ere I depart.
Ask the summer-tide to prove
The abundance of my love.

"Summer, looked for long, am I;
Much shall change or e'er I die.
Prithee take it not amiss
Though I weary you with bliss.

"Laden Autumn here I stand,
Weak of heart and worn of hand.
Naught of rest seems good to me;
Say the word that sets me free.

"I am Winter, that doth keep
Longing safe amidst of sleep.
Who shall say, if I were dead,
What should be remembered?"

Beneath the inscription in Dr. Holmes's book, Mr. Locker has written:

"Some books are writ to sell....and don't!
And some are read—such heavy tomes!
But all should buy (though many won't)
And read the books of Dr. Holmes."

In a copy of one of Mr. Locker's own books, given by the author to Mr. Lang, he has written as follows:

"By Enna's fold I strayed of yore,
I've heard the pipe, I've plucked the wheat,
And yet I would not give a straw
To bide where any [Enna's] shepherds bleat.
Give me in Shepherd's Bush a seat
Where Pindar (classic Peter) sang,
My *Daily News*, the vicious sheet
Or pipe (if short!) of Andrew Lang!"

Mr. Edmund Gosse wrote in a copy of the *Hesperides* presented to Mr. Austin Dobson in 1878:

"Fresh with all airs of woodland brooks
And scents of showers,
Take to your haunt of holy books
This Saint of Flowers.

"When meadows burn with budding May,
And heaven is blue,
Before thy shrine our prayers we say—
Saint Robin true!

"Love crowned with thorns is on thy staff—
Thorns of sweetbrier;
Thy benediction is a laugh;
Birds are thy choir.

"Thy sacred robe of red and white
Unction distils;
Thou hast a nimbus round thy head
Of daffodils."

In the copy of *Letters to Dead Authors* presented to Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Lang wrote:

"Go, letters, to the irresponsive Ghosts
That scarce will heed them less than living Men.
For now new Books come thicker than on Coasts
And Meads of Asia throng the sea-birds when
The snow-wind drives them south in clamorous Hosts
From their salt marshes by Cayster's Fen."

These lines, as an "Envoy," were subsequently printed in the second edition of the book.

Mr. Dobson about the same time put the following lines in a copy of his *Old World Idyls*, addressed to an American friend:

"There is no 'mighty purpose' in this book,
Of that I warn you at the opening page,
Lest, haply, 'twixt the leaves you careless look,
And finding nothing to reform the age,
Fall with the rhyme and rhymer in a rage.
Let others prate of problems and of powers,
I bring but problems born of idle hours,
That, striving only after Art and Ease,
Have scarcely more of moral than the flowers,
And little else of mission than to please."

Mr. Henly, who will be remembered as collaborating with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in the authorship of *Deacon Brodie* and other plays, is the possessor of a copy of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in which Mr. Stevenson has written the following quatrain:

"Dramatic Jekyll and dramatic Hyde,
But which is which, let other men decide.
To the two friends, meanwhile, the work is fun,
And being never played, does harm to none."

In the copy of *The Paradox of Acting*, presented by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock to a friend who disapproved of a Latin and later of a French prose inscription it contained, the author finally wrote:

"As no prose pleases, I must write in rhyme,
And wish the book were better worth your time."

In a paper upon Walter Savage Landor, published in a late number of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Lowell gave to the public for the first time a pair of quatrains he had written in a copy of Landor's works presented to a friend upon her marriage some years before. They are interesting as containing a condensation of the younger poet's judgment of the older.

"A villa fair, with many a devious walk,
Darkened with deathless laurel from the sun,
Ample for troops of friends in mutual talk,
Green Chartreuse for the reverie of one.
Fixed here in marble, Rome and Athens gleam;
Here is Arcadia, here Elysium too;
Anon an English voice disturbs our dream,
And Landor's self can Landor's spell undo."

In a copy of *Azarian*, given to Mrs. T. B. Aldrich in 1866, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford wrote:

"Full often pictured on the page
Some reader sees a fair sweet face,
That floats between the vacant lines
And paints the margin with its grace.

"Precious because th' illumined sheet,
Though idle all its lettered lore,
Here leaves a secret never sung,
And spells a charm unknown before.

"Yet pages less fortunate than mine,
If here a fair sweet face shall bend,
And to the trembling, happy leaf
Perchance one shade of beauty lend."

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, having inadvertently written his name on the back instead of the front cover of a copy of *Afterwhiles*, expressed himself thus in the proper place:

"LINES ON A ERROR.

"In the back of the book,
With his heels in the air,
You'll find your friend here,
Ef you look anywhere."

In a copy of Mr. E. C. Stedman's *Songs and Ballads*, presented by Mr. H. C. Bunner to an intimate friend on the eve of that friend's marriage, Mr. Bunner wrote:

"The new year's not too old, my friend,
To wish a wish for you—
That the fire may ne'er grow cold, my friend,
That now shall shine for two;
The flame for kindly friendship set
Shall blaze for Love the higher yet,
Or be the heavens wintry wet,
Or summer blue."

The following quaint lines are to be found in a copy of Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson's *Songs and Lyrics*:

"This little book it is so small
You scarce can call it book at all;
Yet prithee grant it so much grace
As on your shelf to keep its place,
This little book."

In a copy of *New Waggings from Old Tales*, presented to Mr. E. D. North, Mr. Bangs, one of its authors, wrote the following lines:

"TO E. D. N.

"If you ask for a garden with never a weed in,
Where bloom in profusion the flowers of readin',
Why, go you at once to the garden of E. D. N.
To its master I send this small book of letters,
In the hopes that, if placed on a shelf with its betters,
When *The Tales of the Wags* Mr. N. is perusing,
The wags of the Tales he'll not fail to abusing,
But ever continue his pleasant enthusing—
Over me,
J. K. B."

In a presentation copy of *Along the Shore*, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has written:

"Is carking care a guest, and scowls the host,
They dwell not there to whom I send thee:
Where cloud is least and hearty life is most,
The....own the roof: to them commend me."

And in a presentation copy of *Gettysburg, a Battle Ode*, are the lines by its author, George Parsons Lathrop:

"Dear kinsman,....turn these leaves
That in a chaplet I have bound
For those whose valiant suffering grieves,
Though they our land with glory crowned,
And you will notice, while you turn,
Our modern laurels are of paper,
Yet they at least, being good to burn,
To light Fame's torch may serve as taper."

These fly-leaves, taken at random, are but a few examples of the unique treasures to be found in the private libraries on both sides of the Atlantic at the present day. They are not only valuable in themselves, but they are of interest as showing the possibilities of Poetical Inscriptions, a form of literature to which the bibliophiles hitherto have paid but little attention. They show, too, that the knights of the pen have a fellow-feeling which is not always exhibited by the knights of the brush or the knights of the chisel. While sculptors and painters rarely dedicate their works to each other, authors are very apt to inscribe to authors the books they write—a visible proof that the kinship of letters is more pleasant and more pronounced than the personal amenities of art.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

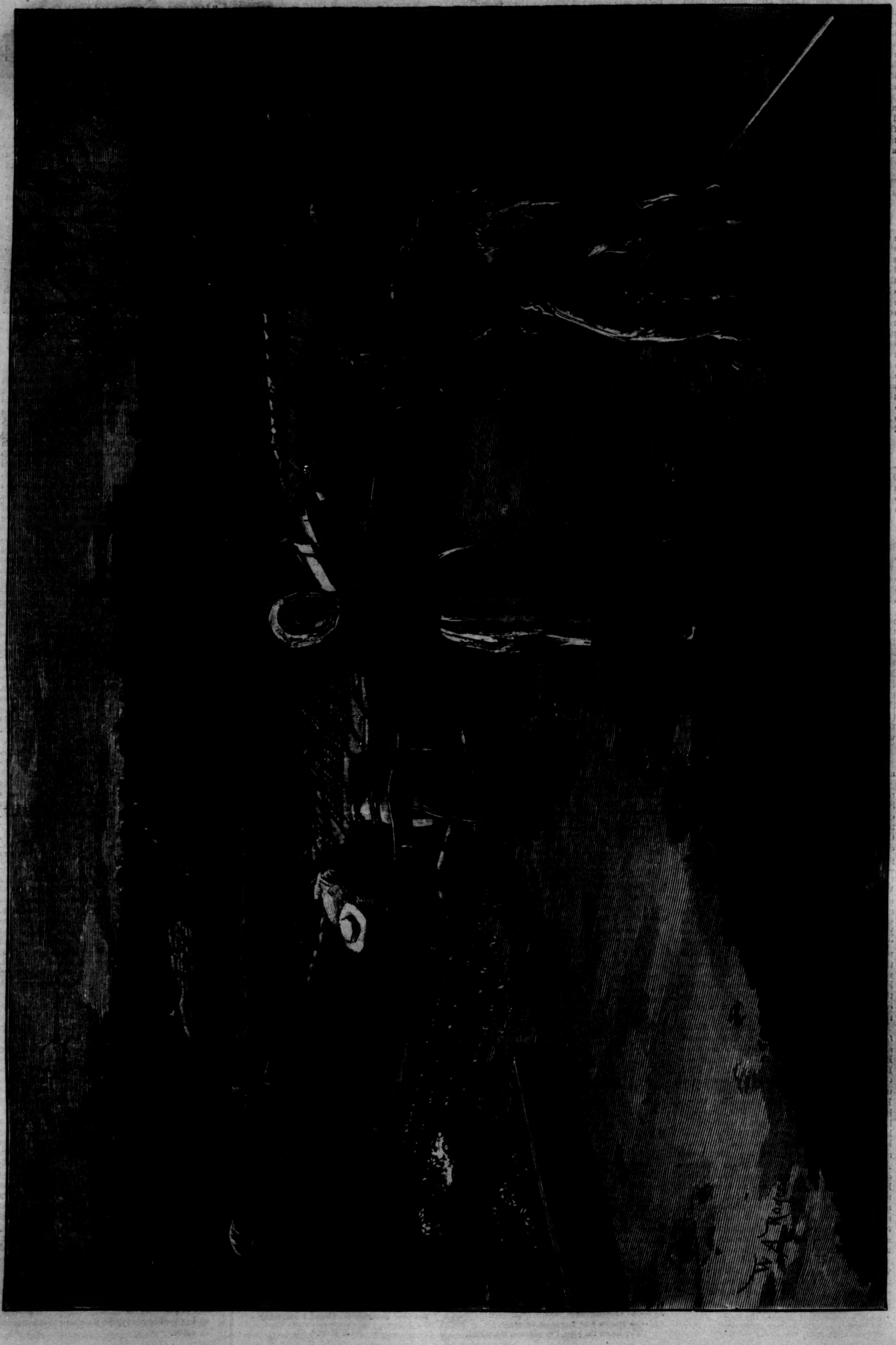
MARKET GARDENING IN NEW YORK.

THERE was a time, now many years ago, when passengers on outgoing trains looked from their windows on plot after plot of land given up to rocks and market gardens; when they saw long lines of stooping figures that seemed to be forever plucking or planting, whatever the season might be. Now the passenger sees no green thing. Windows of tall apartment-houses snap the light back at him, or fling their shadows across his open page; and rows of babies—Providence alone protects—hang out of the windows just over the places where once the figures stooped. The only travellers who now get a glimpse of a garden are they who journey for pleasure, men and women in high carts or victorias, who have driven out of the Park, and are dashing up Seventh Avenue, there where it stretches straight and unbroken to the river. Here, over a fence and between groups of houses, is sometimes seen a garden, now no longer a distinctive feature of the land, but something, for all its having lasted so long, so soon are traditions forgotten, most like an incident. Once this whole region, lying as it did in a valley between Washington Heights on the one side, and that border of rocks crowned with squatters' huts there on the other, was given up to farms, and covered with fruit trees and grain. And it is here that the best of the gardens lie, on soil that in some places has been under cultivation for a century or more. Here, too, old memories prevail. That red house there among the lettuce beds has stood there for a hundred years, and still opens its doors to throngs of red-cheeked children. Strange things has that house seen, and strange changes of fortune.

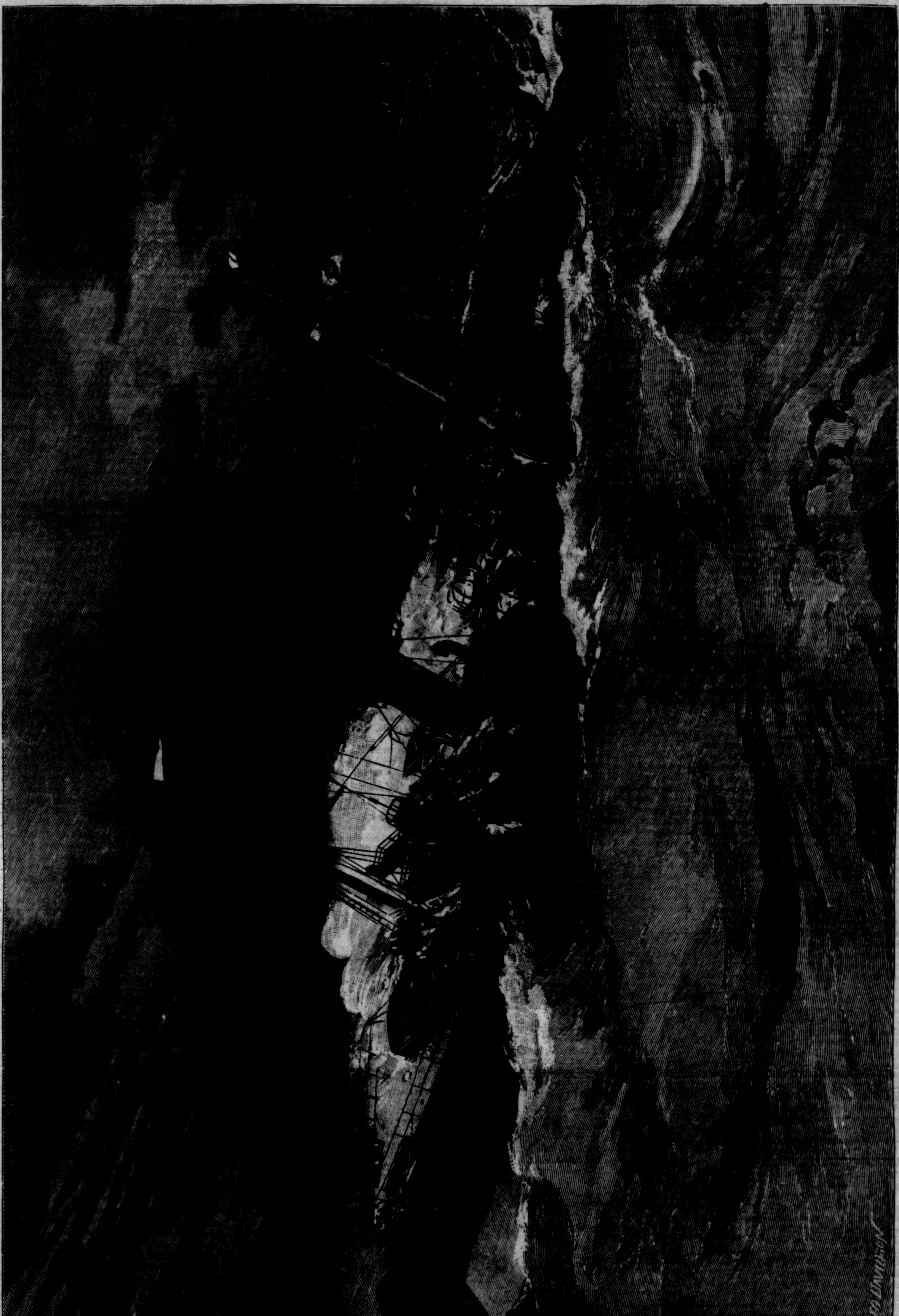
The silence of sunshine lies over the gardens. One may walk all about them on the muddy pavements and hear not a sound, unless a lazy cock should crow. But let him once set foot inside the wooden fence, and he is a well-drilled man who does not start, for the throats of many dogs with loud and rapid barks are opened at him. They are a good-natured set, though, for all their clamor. Their tails wag with glee as they bark, and the visitor sees as he looks that they are fastened. On the path to the house in the oldest of these gardens lilac bushes covered with blossoms shed their fragrance about him; the rich moist earth, with its odor of early spring, lies at his feet. In the barns are cows and horses, and strutting inside their coops are the chickens. Straight lithe men bend over the earth with green sprigs in their hands, that they plant with almost rhythmic motion, swaying now to the right and now to the left. Piled about the fences are the straw mats used in winter for covering the hot-beds. But all of this is where no corner of the lot has been invaded. Just two streets beyond, and the back yard of a new apartment-house has cut into a bed of radishes, and the foundations for a cellar have been started under the shade of a peach-tree in bloom. Civilization is encroaching on every side, even while the men and women work.

"Who runs the gardens?" is sometimes idly asked, and as idly answered, "Squatters." But not a squatter happens to be anywhere about. For all the land that is used high rents are paid—three or four hundred dollars a year for three or four acres. No leases are given, the land being hired by the month or half-year, so that a man who plants has no security that he may ever pick his crop. But they are philosophers, these farmers, and have no idea of any grievance. "The houses must come," they say, "but the landlord is good. We will wait." And so they stoop over their beds again, nor ever glance where, over the railing, bright umbrellas and men in livery sweep by, nor, on the other side, where hodmen with mortar on their shoulders journey up and down the ladders as the walls grow higher every day.

The field of the market garden is limited. There are no stretches of grain nor bushes of peas. No potatoes nor any cabbages are cultivated. The farmer confines himself to soup greens, lettuce, and leeks, to radishes, young beets, and onions. They are easily cared for, and the market for them is steady. When their spring stuff is ready, the Southern truck declines in value.



MARKET GARDENING, UPTOWN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 415.]



UNITED STATES STEAMER "CHARLESTON" LEAVING THE GOLDEN GATE ON HER TRIAL TRIP.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 411.]

BEN FARGO'S CLAIM.

Mr. H. P. Small, late of Jack Oak, released the crank handle of the little hand-inking job press, wiped his moist brow, and picking the top paper from the pile, sat down to admire his handiwork. The "running off" of the first issue of the New Boston *Clarion* had been successfully accomplished.

The first number of the *Clarion* was not imposing in appearance, but its editor regarded it with as much pride and satisfaction as if it had been a huge "blanket sheet," instead of being small almost to insignificance, consisting of but two pages, each eight by twelve inches in size, with three columns to the page. This was as large as could be printed on the jobber, the only press that Mr. Small possessed just then, owing to his having become "late of Jack Oak" so suddenly. His stay at the last-named place had not been an extended one, but it had been full of experience for Mr. Small, *then* late of the East. Among other things he had learned that in border settlements Boom is absolute monarch, and that even journalism, which possibly in the "effete East" may mould public opinion and make and unmake whom it will, must be subservient to King Boom. This had been forcibly impressed upon him by a self-appointed committee of wrathful citizens. The course of his paper had been such that the failure of a certain cherished enterprise for the advancement of the boom was laid to his charge, and Mr. Small speedily acquired added journalistic experience. He had been visited by this committee, who dumped his large press into the creek, and gave the moulder of public opinion ten hours in which to leave the country forever.

Half of that time had scarcely elapsed before the editor had loaded his jobber and other material on to a wagon, and had placed the county line between himself and the unappreciative settlement. He had gone to New Boston with his job press and augmented experience, and had found a welcome from its citizens, who considered a newspaper one of the requisites of an embryo "city," which hopefully felt itself already big with a prospective boom. Now intrenched behind his recently acquired experience, Mr. H. P. Small felt that he was in no danger of becoming "late of New Boston." He pridefully regarded his salutatory, which occupied one entire side of the little *Clarion*. It declared the determination of the paper to be found at all times wholly for the advancement of New Boston and the boom. In it the editorial "we" appeared a generous number of times, and to the whole was appended the editor's name,

"HERCULES P. SMALL."

The salutatory apologized for the infantile proportions of the paper, worked in a pleasantry in regard to the journalistic infant having plenty of room in which to grow, and promised much for the next issue, when the new press should arrive. A paragraph said that the press was already on the way, and was expected to arrive almost immediately. Even then, in all probability, it had been turned over to the freighters at Metropolis, where the railroad ended. The reverse of the *Clarion* presented an editorial laudatory of New Boston, a column of complimentary mentionings of prominent, well-known, and prosperous citizens—the adjectives impartially distributed—and several items of news. Said one of these:

"Just as we go to press" (how dear to the heart of provincial journalism is this "just as we go to press"!) "we learn that Ben Fargo's claim has been jumped again. Ben's return is expected to-day or to-morrow, when we predict that he will attend to the eviction in his usual prompt and thorough manner. We will chronicle particulars in our next issue."

No fault could have been found with this item, except perhaps that it was a trifle verbose, and might have been a little indefinite to the uninitiated reader. New Boston fully understood it, and had heard the news even before it reached Editor Small. And taught by the past, when Mr. Cyrus Hickson, the mail-carrier, brought the news, the settlement felt already apprised of what would follow.

"Who's jumped it this time?" asked Colonel Pride, as Cy Hickson retailed the news to the "prominent" citizens lounging on the porch of the Eureka General Store.

"Dun know," answered the mail-carrier. "Didn't stop to find out; but I seed enough as I rid past to know that Ben Fargo's claim was jumped agin. Smoke was comin' out o' the shack, an' a scan'lous-lookin' linch-pin wagin an' a pair o' rickety ole mules was standin' by."

"Waal," predicted Colonel Pride, "about five minutes after Ben gits there, them rickety mules 'll be pullin' that scandalous-lookin' wagon away from that claim at double-quick time."

"You bet!" agreed some one. "Ben's got so's he don't let 'em stay long."

"'Pears like Ben Fargo's claim is allus bein' jumped," said another.

"Yes, an' unjumped, so to speak, just as often," spoke Colonel Pride. "It uset to be that he'd try strategy or moral suasion, but now he comes to the point at once."

"Had to laugh, th'other day, as I was ridin' past," said Mr. Cy Hickson. "Feller from Mizzury 'd jumped the claim that time, an' was makin' himself as comf'able as you please, bakin' a johnny-cake in Ben's skillet an' over the fire he'd kindled from the coals Ben 'd left early in the mornin'. 'Five minutes to git your johnny out o' my skillet,' says Ben. 'The year 1901 will find me right yere,' says Mizzury. Says Ben, 'This is my claim, an'—' 'Mebby 'twuz 'fore I jumped it,' broke in Mizzury, turnin' over the johnny-cake. 'Yes, 'n' 'twill be agin soon's you unjump it, which 'll be in 'bout three minutes,' says Ben. 'Crack yer whip,' says Mizzury; 'I'm able fer you, I reckon; 'sides, the law's on my side, an'— 'Hang the law!' broke in Ben, and sailed in. They tangled, an' in about two minutes Mizzury found he'd made a mistake. Fer a while I 'lowed Ben 'd drive his head into the ground. Then, after tunkin' him around awhile, Ben sat on him. 'Whose claim's this now?' says Ben. 'Yore title to it 'pears to be a mighty strong one,' says Mizzury. A little later Mizzury had his team hitched to his wagin, an' was a-eatin' his johnny-cake as he driv away."

As has been said, it seemed as if Ben Fargo's claim was being jumped with a regularity that was only equalled by that with which Fargo speedily removed the jumpers. There were several reasons for this frequent jumping. One was that the claim was one of the most desirable in the county, and also one of the easiest to jump. It was handy to New Boston and to the grass-fringed road that led thereto. Then, too, its champion but partially complied with the law for such cases made and provided. During the greater part of the time he did not visit the claim at all, except when there was another jumper to eject. He had made none of the improvements that the law required. Even the "shack" cabin upon it had been erected by one misguided claim-jumper, who had been speedily and forcibly ejected by Fargo, who had retained the cabin for his trouble. But in spite of the continued jumping, Ben Fargo continued to hold the claim against all comers. He was not a quarrelsome person, but simply chose the easier of the two ways of retaining possession of the claim.

Claim-jumping consists in moving on to the claim of some one who has not yet secured from the government a title to the land. The legal measures then instituted by the jumper drag their slow way along for an indefinite period after that, and the costs go on piling up in a way that makes the existence of so many lawyers in the newer States possible. Then, if the jumper can prove that the jumped has not complied with all of the requirements of the government, the right to remain, and finally a deed of the land, are given to him. If he fails, he gets nothing but an opportunity to pay the small mountain of costs, while the other regains possession of his claim. That is the painfully slow legal way, and one that Ben Fargo never employed. In the claim country the law is often regarded as being more ornamental than applicable, and the elastic public conscience considers it complied with sufficiently when the claimant makes a few improvements, and exhibits an intention of residing on the claim at some more convenient season. And the swift eviction of a claim-jumper and the throwing after him of his few possessions are regarded with complacence by the community at large.

Mr. Ben Fargo, returning to New Boston the day following the one upon which the news had reached the settlement, became aware that his claim had been jumped long before he reached it. The presence of the old linch-pin wagon and rickety mules told him that.

"Well," he said, half aloud, "I am in something of a hurry to get to New Boston, but I reckon I can spare time to kinder start this jumper on his way. Not overly well fixed," he commented, as he left the road and drew nearer. "Wagon don't look safe, and the mules seem mighty rickety. But they brought the jumper here, and they've got to— Hello, here!"

The presence of the object that he had almost ridden over surprised him a good deal more than did the presence of the jumper. It was merely a little grave, roughly rounded up in the midst of the long prairie-grass. The clods of the ragged little mound showed that it had been there only a short while. Sun and rain had not begun to pulverize them. A tattered little prairie rose-bush had been planted at the head of the tiny mound. The tips of its leaves had withered, and the blossoms it had borne at transplanting were yellow and shrivelled; but one small bud had opened that morning, and the ragged little flower, striving its best to be bright and pure, lay on one of the rough black clods of the ragged little grave.

"Baby!" Fargo muttered.

At that moment a woman left the shack and came toward the grave. In her hand she bore a cup of water. Her eyes were swollen with crying. Fargo gave a start of surprise as he saw her face. Scarcely glancing at him, she returned his brief salutation and bent and watered the ragged little rose-bush.

"Your baby?" Fargo asked presently, feeling awkwardly that he ought to say something.

"Yes," the woman answered, chokingly. "She was all I had—all I had! And now she—"

And she flung herself prone on the grave, as if to embrace the little mound, and sobbed aloud.

Fargo looked uncomfortable. "Now don't cry so! I—you—where's your husband? In the shack?" he blurted.

"No"—lifting her face from the clods. "He died four weeks ago, and with my few belongings in the old wagon I started on the long journey back to the dear old home State. The baby—well, I dug the little grave myself. I had no coffin, no money to buy one, and I buried her in her little white night-gown." A tear dropped on the blossom of the ragged little rose. "I cannot go on yet—yet. And oh! it seems as if I never could go on and leave my baby here alone in the midst of the prairie! Maybe the owner of this claim would not object if I lived in the shack a little while, till—till—" Fargo squirmed about uneasily in his saddle. "Then, after a little time, I suppose I must start back toward the old Indiana home and leave my baby here in—"

"What part of Indiana?" Fargo blurted.

"Champion County. The little cross-road village below Fountainville. Oh—"

"Ever know a darned fool there by the name of Fargo?"

"Ben Fargo? He wasn't a fool, though. He—"

"Yes, he was, too! Got mad at nothing! Ought to have been shot on the spot."

"No! He—we—"

"Mary, don't you know me?"

"Ben Fargo!"

"Yes; a darned fool. Got mad at nothing."

A little later Ben Fargo's horse, whose master had tied him by gathering a number of iron-weeds into a bunch and looping the bridle rein over them, looked on complacently as the proprietor of the claim, with a piece of board left by the dispossessed builder of the shack, was smoothing up the little mound that covered the child of the person who had jumped his claim. And the jumper, sitting on the grass near by and fashioning a wreath of wild roses for the little grave, looked a trifle less grief-stricken than before.

When, later, Mr. Ben Fargo was passing the Eureka General Store in New Boston, he was stopped by Colonel Pride, who sat on the porch.

"Did the jumper cut up rusty, Ben?" asked the Colonel.

"Nope!" Fargo answered, shortly, moving away.

"Go without trouble?"

"Nope!" More shortly.

"Reckoned he was able fer you?"

"Nope!" Farther away.

"Waal, then, what did—"

"Nothing. There yet." Fargo turned the corner.

There was a diversity of opinion among the prominent citizens congregated on the porch of the Eureka General Store. Some believed that the jumper must have been victorious in the fight that was supposed to have ensued when the eviction was attempted. Others were darkly of the opinion that Ben had severely injured or possibly assassinated the jumper. This would account for his "being there yet."

They even talked a little of investigating, but then it was really none of their business, anyhow. If the jumper had been missed, he had only got what he deserved, and besides, it was not wholly policy to interfere too much with Fargo's affairs.

Hickson, the mail-carrier, as he was going from New Boston, saw the smoothing of the baby's grave and marvelled thereat. When he returned from the trip, a day later, he retailed the news to the prominent citizens on the porch of the Eureka General Store.

"Waal, I'm beat," announced Colonel Pride.

"Me too," agreed several.

The attempt to interview Ben Fargo when next he appeared was not a brilliant success. That personage informed them, first, that whatever occurred at his claim was the business of no one but himself, and second, that he was both able and willing to thrash any man who desired to make it his business. For some time thereafter the citizens who were in the habit of congregating at the Eureka General Store imitated the example of the legendary parrot of the mythical sailor, which tradition declares said very little, but indulged in a tremendous amount of thinking.

It was some time before Mr. Hercules P. Small had an opportunity to chronicle in the *Clarion* the events which followed the last jumping of Ben Fargo's claim. Before the arrival of the next publication day he broke the little hand-inking jobber while "running off" stray-bills, and it could not be used till a duplicate of the broken part could be obtained from the foundry. The large newspaper press did not arrive as expected, and the second issue of the *Clarion* did not appear on time. Anxious inquiry brought the reply that the press had been shipped promptly, and later had been turned over to the freighters at Metropolis, where the railroad ended. It was courteously hoped that the press had arrived before the receipt of the letter of explanation, and so forth. But still the press did not come, and the second issue of the *Clarion* did not appear. Hurried correspondence instituted an investigation, but no trace of the press could be found. It had totally disappeared somewhere between Metropolis and New Boston. The freighters who had taken charge of it at the point where the railroad ended could not be found. More than one repetition of the publication day passed by without the appearance of the *Clarion*. In his excitement at the loss of the large press, Small had forgotten to order a duplicate of the broken part of the jobber. Finally a clew was struck which led to the discovery of the press in the possession of an enterprising but unscrupulous journalist, who was cheerfully preparing to begin the publication of a paper in a tiny settlement about half-way between Metropolis and New Boston, and which hopefully expected to some time become a town. This enterprising person, upon meeting the freighters and learning what brought them thither, and also their burning desire to seek pastures new, hastened to inform them that he was Mr. Hercules P. Small, and that having decided to locate at the tiny settlement instead of at New Boston, he would relieve them of the press there. They were not regular freighters, but "movers," who had been employed because they were going in that direction anyhow, and would do the work for a fraction of the regular charge. Not being acquainted with that kind of business, they gladly gave up the big press and departed for their chosen destination.

The rightful owner of the press possessed himself of it in much the same manner that Ben Fargo had been wont to repossess himself of his claim. Several prominent citizens assisted Mr. Small in getting his press, and in a short time it was in the little office at New Boston, and the second issue of the *Clarion* was being "run off." In speaking of the enterprising journalist who had been deprived of the press, an editorial gravely expressed the belief that he had not, at the time of going to press, stopped running in headlong flight from a community that had been made excitingly warm for him. In another part of the paper was a notice:

"Married, by Rev. Mr. Prouty, at the claim given to the bride by the groom, Mrs. Mary Stone and Mr. Benjamin Fargo."

The *Clarion* declared itself as joining the many friends of the happy couple in wishing them all manner of blessings, and expressed unbounded gratitude for a huge hunk of wedding-cake, the handiwork of the bride.

"Waal," commented Colonel Pride, "that was one time that Ben Fargo's claim staid jumped."

Tom P. Morgan.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC TRAINING.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

In treating this subject my intention is to show that a method of healthful bodily training can easily be followed by the average business or professional man who has athletic propensities. The great drawback to most essays on athletic training is that a mode of life is advised which is too far out of the way of a man's ordinary routine to be followed with comfort or even success. The average amateur can afford neither the time nor the inconvenience to train the way a professional would. College men, as a rule, train very much as professionals do, for they have the time and generally the enthusiasm. When a man's training becomes irksome it does him no good, for the unsatisfactory state of his mind prevents his system from being built up. The ideal training is the kind that is taken with no special object in view, for there is no fear then of its being overdone. It has always been a great relief to me to drift around in a natural way, after the evening meal, to the gymnasium, and fool with different apparatus until I grew tired, and then go home and get nine hours of solid sleep, and feel the next day as though I were supplied with just so much extra energy. If I did not get as much sleep as I wished, I would feel it by not wanting to take any exercise until the strong feeling came to me again.

The two important questions in beneficial athletic training are exercise and rest. If you are working hard during the day, and feel like keeping quiet when you get home, it would be a mistake to go and force upon yourself physical exercise when your energy had been spent in other ways. I have always followed the rule that I never would exercise unless I felt like it, and for general health it is a pretty safe rule. There are so many incidents and duties which prevent one's taking what might be considered a proper amount of recreation that the mind is not allowed to drift on a two hours' pastime in a gymnasium or on a field. Then after a while your muscles will lose their vigor, and you are apt not to care whether you exercise or not. To keep yourself in good tone you must not mistake a slight indisposition to exercise for a genuine fatigue. Every one knows that after a hearty meal, or drinking too much of anything, the very thought of exercise is distasteful, but several hours afterward one might gladly relish some physical work.

For the best general results a gymnasium is the place to attend, for the tendency there is to use different kinds of apparatus, and thereby develop nearly all the muscles. As a rule, the habitués of athletic grounds are those with a special object in view, such as to train for competition in running, jumping, walking, or weight-throwing. The runners and walkers have mostly very poor chests and arms. The short-distance men are not so bad, but the majority, who make distances above one-half a mile their specialties, would be considered poor samples of benefit derived from athletic training. On the other hand, the weight-throwers are big, bulky, inactive men, who could stand no test of endurance, and are muscularly strong because they have the weight. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule, for in C. G. Wood, an amateur in England, we find a man weighing in athletic costume 186 pounds, and yet he has the fastest record in the world, amateur or professional, for running 220 yards. Then in George Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, we find a shot-putter who weighs only 180 pounds, and he is the best amateur in the world at his game, and continually beats men who weigh from thirty to sixty pounds more than he. These two men, with some others I could mention, are shining exceptions. If I should go over the list of runners and weight-throwers, I could speak of hundreds of the former who have not as much strength in their arms as the average non-athletic man has, and plenty of the latter who if they should attempt to run for a street car would cause such a commotion with their heart and lungs that it would be a most unpleasant experience for them. The best examples of the good results of athletic training are those who take general work. Men who do this cannot as a rule make a great record at a special event, but they are stronger and last longer than those who let certain portions of their bodies go to waste simply to build up a part used in their favorite event. The secret of getting strong and active is to tone the muscles with exercise, and then to have plenty of nervous energy to back them up, so to speak.

There is no earthly use of big muscles if there is no nervous strength behind them. Lack of nervous force is like a perfectly constructed boiler with no steam, and there are plenty of cases of men who have more than the usual enthusiasm continuing their athletic practice when they have spent all of their steam on previous efforts. They then feel weak, and often wonder why it is that they do not improve, or even do as well as formerly, especially as they say they are taking regular practice. This is a state called overtraining, or staleness, and nothing but rest will cure it. The bad results of overtraining are, as a rule, exaggerated, for although there are plenty of cases of temporary staleness, they are made so by the fact that the subjects feel weak, and their performances being affected, they gradually grow disgusted and stop exercise. I have seen that happen so often that it is safe to say that overtraining as a rule corrects itself, for very few will have enthusiasm enough to continue practising for an event when their performances at it grow worse at each trial. Sometimes a man will be stale for one event and perfectly fresh for some other. This would not be a case of spent nervous force, but simply is a sign that the particular muscles used in an event are overworked and need rest. Temporary fatigue is very much like overtraining in the effect upon one, and it might be called the first symptom of staleness, for if daily practice is still taken with the thought that one is doing what is right, vitality will become impaired, and it may take weeks or months of rest to feel as good as formerly. A day or two of non-attendance at the gymnasium or on the field, when you have temporarily overworked muscles, will generally put one right again, especially if he is in good condition. There is no doubt about the benefit that can be derived from the proper usage of the muscles, and the more they are properly used just so much more one will become impressed with the fact that they will stand much more than one had probably expected of them without trouble.

Beneficial athletic training is nothing but a building-up process of the nerves and muscles. Every man starts with a certain quantity of each, and if he wishes to add to his supply he should not waste his capital by taking hard practice, but must let out enough simply to attract more. The main questions with ambitious athletes are, How often shall I practise? how much shall I take? and how am I to know when to stop? These are pretty hard questions to answer, for men vary so in the amount of exercise that they can take. Different instructors in athletics that I have been associated with, such as Professor J. Douglas Andrews, of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium, and Mr. George Goldie, the director of athletics of the New York Athletic Club, have told me that I can take more work and recuperate faster than any one who has yet come under their notice. They would not prescribe the same kind of exercise for most men that probably I might take with impunity. Where they might see me shove a heavy dumb-bell and run one hundred yards and do some severe jumping and not think it strange, they would hardly consider such a combination the proper exercise for most men. The whole story in a nutshell is that my system is thoroughly used to diversified exercise, and the continued indulgence in all-round work keeps the muscles well balanced and in a state where they can be exerted at any time with comparative ease.

As to the amount of exercise for most men to take, I should say that it is a question that can be solved by themselves in a better way than others can do it for them. Growing strong and active is merely cultivating the muscles as far as the nervous system will permit, or so that both that and the muscular system are equal to each other. This condition is called the balancing point, and having reached it, if you keep on exercising in the attempt to develop your muscles further, you will pass the balancing point and become stale. If, on the other hand, you realize that you are in as good condition as is possible with you, and feel timid about doing too much, and ease up in your practice, you will then fall back down the path which you have ascended. A man should learn to be his own judge in these matters, for he can easily tell how he feels. I will mention some of the feelings from my own experience that an athlete will have from being on either side of the balancing point. One side, which can be called lack of training, has with it a feeling of heaviness and inability to get around easily and do what he may be trying to do. He also has no confidence in himself, and feels utterly at sea, and will be stiff after practice. Too much training is accompanied with the same lack of confidence and heaviness, with a perpetual fatigue and thirst, and a dull pain in those muscles which have been most used. Whichever side of the balancing point an athlete is on, the result will be the same, but it is safer to have too little practice than too much. Do not exert yourself in practice, but leave the effort for the competition. In this way you give the muscles the necessary work without tiring them. This is the main point for thought, and if well understood will solve the question of how much excercise one should take. Plenty of light work is far better than a little of heavy work. Three or four times a week is considered often enough for most men to practise, but it all depends upon the amount of exercise taken at a time. So long as a man feels well and strong, it will not matter if he is taking hard practice every day. In extremely hot weather one should not train much, but the same advice about feeling like exercise will apply then as in ordinary weather.

The diet is not important enough to think of, and anything that is usually on your table will do. If you made athletics your business, it might pay to have special dishes of plain cooking served, but the difference in the effect on you between any dish that could be prepared and your ordinary fare would be so slight that you are better off without the inconvenience. After exercise the throat is apt to be dry, caused somewhat by the increased breathing with your mouth open. The temptation then is to pour down fluid enough to deluge the supposed thirst. If you wait a little while you will not be so thirsty as you thought you were, except in hot weather, when you may be continually thirsty. It is not considered good to drink much of anything, for a great deal of fluid deadens one so. Eatables and drinkables are of little account as compared with exercise and rest. Rest does not necessarily mean sleep, nor does exercise simply include work in a gymnasium or on a field. If you walk around a billiard table for half the night, and in other ways lose your sleep and lead a life of excitement, you will bring about the very results that overtraining in athletics will, except in one case you have no muscle to show for your pastime. If a man has not sense enough to know when he is eating or drinking wrongly, losing his sleep, wasting his energy, or in general using himself badly, he surely never will be a successful athlete. It is bound to pay in the end to live simply and watch yourself, and if you begin when young, the habit of keeping well and vigorous will grow on you.

ROBERT W. WEIR, N.A.

One of the most honored names in connection with American art is that of Robert W. Weir, late Professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point. For several years, since his retirement from active service, Mr. Weir has resided in this city and vicinity, and on the 1st of May he died at his residence in Seventy-fourth Street, at the age of eighty-six. To appreciate the place Mr. Weir filled in the history of American art it is necessary to cast the eye backward to an earlier period of its development, when its representatives were few in this country, and when it was marked by characteristics which have since become almost obsolete. The class of sacred and historic subjects to which Mr. Weir gave his best powers is now conspicuous for its absence from the walls of the exhibition-room. Following Allston and Trumbull, Mr. Weir formed a third conspicuous link in a chain of talented artists who served to connect the Old World with the New, and the older forms of art with those which prevail to-day; for it is only a few years since Mr. Weir ceased to send his work to the exhibitions. For the past fifteen or twenty years his profession has mainly served him as a solace for his advancing age.

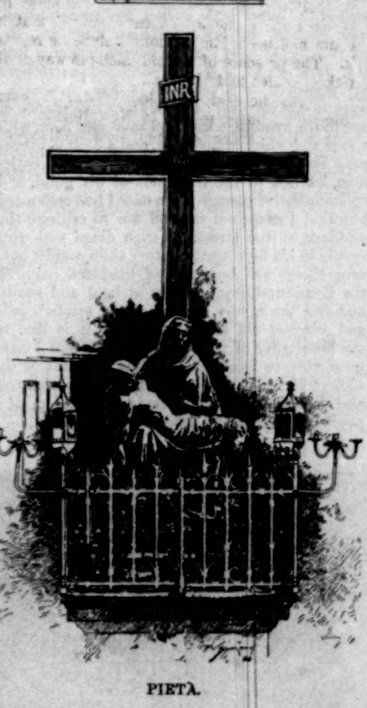
Born in New York in 1803, his boyhood was passed at his father's country-seat at New Rochelle. His father having been overtaken by financial misfortune, the son was obliged to enter a mercantile house, which situation he lost for caricaturing one of the heads of the establishment. This slight proof of his talent decided his future course, for immediately he formed the determination to devote himself to the study of art. Alone and unaided he began his studies, and his first work which attracted attention was a large picture of "Paul preaching at Athens," painted in his nineteenth year, and under many difficulties, as he had to manufacture his own materials. The figures were of life size, and when exhibited the picture proved so successful that it encouraged the young artist to pursue his chosen profession with redoubled ardor. In order to better qualify himself for its demands, he undertook a course of anatomy at the medical college, and devoted himself assiduously to such other studies as bore upon his object. In 1824 he sailed for Europe, and remained in Italy four years, where his early aspirations were kindled into a glowing flame of love and devotion to art. Studying the old masters, and passing the greater part of his time in the academies and galleries, he yet found time to produce several original works of his own. In Florence he painted "Christ and Nicodemus" and the "Angel releasing Peter," two pictures of remarkable merit. In December, 1825, he left Florence for Rome. There he found his friend and fellow-student Greenough, and they took rooms together on the Pincian Hill. Their house was situated directly opposite that which had been occupied by Claude Lorraine, and between those known as Salvator Rosa's and Nicolo Poussin's.

It may readily be conceived that in the centre of such, to them, holy ground their enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch. Weir set himself resolutely to work. He rose early, and after studying in his own atelier he went to the French Academy to draw from the antique. Later in the day he worked at the Vatican, or in some of the galleries, or in the Sistine Chapel, until three o'clock, when they were closed to students. After dinner he went to the Caffè Greco, and from the fragrant smoke and light-hearted gossip of that unique rendezvous he repaired to the evening life school. When the moon was bright they sometimes would visit the Coliseum and other ruins, which in later years formed the theme of certain of his pictures. During his sojourn in Europe Mr. Weir collected such materials as would aid him in his profession, and his studio at West Point was filled with the rich spoils of a by-gone age thus brought together. His collection of prints, etchings, and sketches by the old masters was a very valuable one. His friend Greenough having became temporarily insane while in Rome, Mr. Weir shortened his stay in Europe in order to restore the sculptor to his friends in America. This he did at great sacrifice to himself and to his purposes and plans, but it well illustrates the generous disposition which governed all his actions through life. Returning to America in 1828, Mr. Weir took up his residence in New York, where he pursued his profession with rapidly growing reputation: very soon his pictures were the leading works of the exhibitions, and he was very soon elected an associate and then a member of the National Academy.

In 1834 he was appointed Professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point, which position he filled until he was honorably retired under the Limitation of Service Act. Mr. Weir had succeeded C. R. Leslie, the distinguished Royal Academician, at West Point, and of his appointment to fill that important position Henry Tuckerman wrote: "The choice of Weir was most happy for the institution. His tone of character, methodical habits, and personal bearing, not less than his high reputation as a painter, gave a dignity to the situation, and the success which attended his instruction has been amply exemplified."

Mr. Weir was a very handsome man, of dignified presence, and he was greatly venerated by the officers of the army. He numbered among his pupils Grant, Sherman, Lee, and indeed all the graduates whose names became famous in the late war. No single officer of that institution, by his example and personal bearing, did more toward promoting a high moral character and patriotism among its graduates than Mr. Weir. In 1836–40 Mr. Weir painted his large picture of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" for the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. His inquiries into the motives which led that band of resolute men to forsake the comforts of their old home and seek a place where they could worship God in the freedom of their consciences, though in a bleak and forbidding wilderness, were the means of awakening in the artist's own mind a deeper consciousness of the truths of religion; from that time on his life was characterized by great religious earnestness. Losing two of his children in infancy, Mr. Weir devoted the proceeds of his great painting, amounting to $10,000, to the building of the Church of the Holy Innocents, near West Point, partly as a memorial, but more significantly "To the Honor and Glory of God," according to the inscription over the entrance porch. The church is built of stone quarried from the neighboring hills, and was designed by Mr. Weir in the older English Gothic style, with square tower and open belfry. In all its details it is extremely well designed, and its reputation became very extensive. Recently the church has been added to by Mr. Pierrepont Morgan, but without marring its original plan. The artist was buried immediately under the chancel window, without the walls, and the church itself is a fitting memorial of his character and his tastes.

The principal works of Mr. Weir are: "The Landing of Hendrick Hudson," "Bourbon's Last March," "Bianca," "Religion," "William Deloraine at the Tomb of Michael Scott," "Subsiding of the Waters after the Flood," "Christ and the Disciples on the Way to Emmaus," "Taking the Veil," "The Two Marys at the Sepulchre," "Pæstum by Moonlight," "The Meeting of Marmion and De Wilton," "The Bay of Naples," "Ship on a Lee Shore," "The Evening of the Crucifixion," "The Convent Gate," "Columbus before the Council at Salamanca," "Crossing the Styx," "Devotion," "The Child's Dream," besides many water-color paintings and designs. His larger works were: "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" (12 by 18 feet), "The Evening after the Crucifixion" (7 by 12 feet), an altar-piece for the Church of the Holy Cross at Troy, and a large allegorical work representing Peace and War, filling the entire end of the chapel at West Point: this last is among the finest of his works. Mr. Weir likewise supplied the designs for the stained-glass windows of Trinity Chapel and Calvary Church in New York.



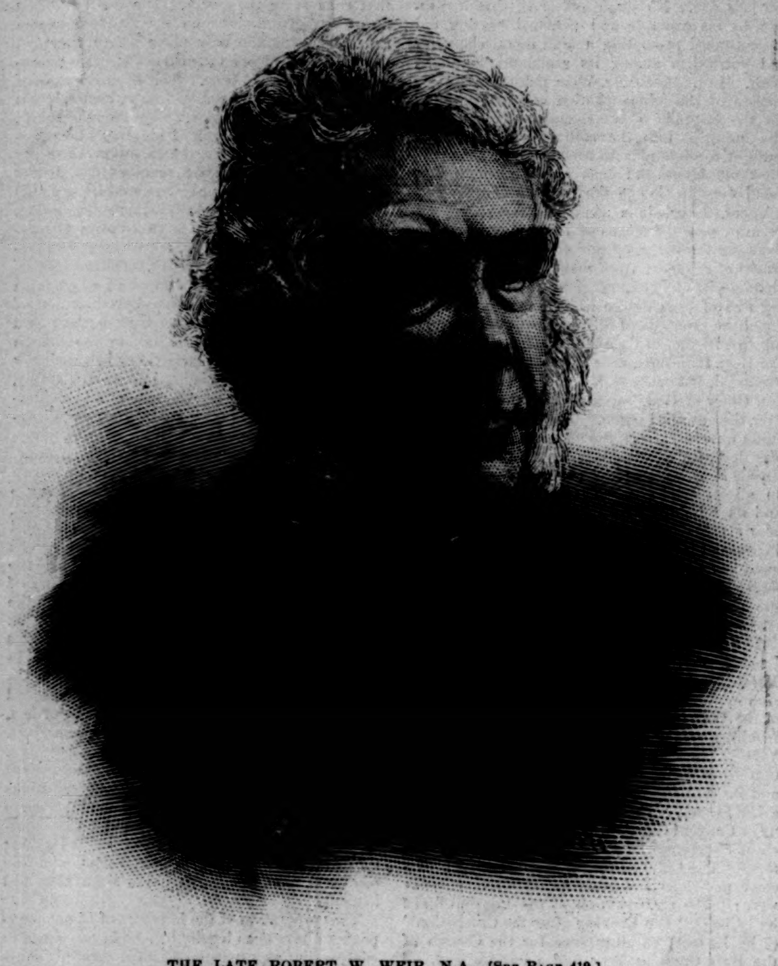
PIETÀ.

A QUAINT OLD THOROUGHFARE.

The most curious part of old Limoges is the butchers' quarter, the most disgusting and the quaintest street I have ever seen. The Rue Torte, as it was called before a modern municipality gave it the name of Rue de la Boucherie, is a narrow alley winding down-hill in the form of a horseshoe, and lined on either side with tall houses built of timber and plaster, with irregular overhanging roofs, and a top story generally open to the air, and forming a sort of loggia. At the bend of the street is a little square, and in the middle a life-size colored Pietà, representing the Virgin with the Saviour at the foot of the cross; to the right is the Chapel of Saint Aurelian, and then the Rue Torte continues, with on both sides still narrower and dirtier alleys branching off to the stables and dependencies of the houses. Two or three of the shops have been slightly modernized, but with these few exceptions the hundred stalls that compose the Boucherie are of the same type. The shop front is open and unglazed, and the counter, *étal*, or stall, supported by the most primitive trestles and wooden girders, projects over the gutter into the roadway. Under this *étal*, charged with piles of meat, stand basins and tubs containing tripe and intestines and other offal, and amongst these tubs the dogs and cats delight to recline, and hunt their fleas lazily on the brink of the babbling rivulet of blood and filth that runs along the gutter. The small children also congregate under the *étal* with the dogs and cats, this being the only place where they can play undisturbed when the narrow street is crowded at high market-time. The open window of the shop is hung with joints of meat, hearts, lungs, livers, lights, calves' heads, and quarters of sheep, forming a blind or screen of bleeding horror, behind which is dimly seen the cavernous obscurity of the interior of the shop, rendered still deeper by the awnings of blood-bespattered white cloths that are stretched irregularly all down the street. The interior of the shop is paved with big unshaped blocks of granite, black with age and polished by centuries of sweeping. On one side of the room is a yawning open fireplace all crackled and coruscating with the black crystallizations of ages of wood smoke; at the back is the round dining-table, and against the wall a dresser laden with coarse faience; in one corner is a doorway and a swinging gate opening into a dark stable, which until recently served also as a slaughter-house; up the wall runs a ladder stairway, disappearing through a black hole in the ceiling, whose huge rafters rest on consoles of sculptured stone. From these rafters hang rods of iron, on which are suspended whole oxen and carcasses of sheep and pigs. Here, in the midst of filth and offal, the butchers of Limoges are born, live, trade, and bring up their children, just as they have lived and traded for centuries past. Their habits have remained unchanged, like their houses, many of which have stood as we now see them since the fourteenth century. And this is precisely what makes the Rue Torte so interesting; it enables us to comprehend how people lived and traded in the Middle Ages, for not only have the butchers of Limoges remained faithful to their ancestral homes, but, in spite of progress, and even of law, they continue to form a guild by themselves. These butchers still exist as a trade corporation, with the traditions of the Roman *municipium* grafted on to the civil and religious institutions of the Middle Ages; they still have the same spirit of turbulent and almost aggressive solidarity as they had when force constituted right; they still have their old superstitions and the mediæval indifference as regards cleanliness and hygiene.

The corporation of the butchers of Limoges appears to have been legally formed in the eleventh century, but as a matter of fact it certainly existed anteriorly, and learned antiquaries trace the origin of the corporation to the Roman administration of Gaul. At any rate, up to the eighteenth century the butchers of Limoges lived entirely apart, almost like pariahs, intermarrying exclusively with women of their own caste. Like the Jews, they made a show of poverty, in order that their sordid exterior might secure them from pillage, and the quarter of the town where they lived was a sort of ghetto, which they barricaded and set their dogs to guard as soon as the fixed market hours were passed. In 1789 the butchers of Limoges formed a tribe of forty families, bearing the names of Cibot, Malinvaud, Parot, Plainemaison, Pouret, and Inge. Incorporated in one of the militia companies, they took part in the national fêtes of the Revolution, notably in that of the apotheosis of Mirabeau; in 1791 their guild was abolished, like all other guilds, by the law of June 16–17, but no one dared to violate the sanctuary where they kept the relics of their patron saint Aurelian, and no sooner had the troubles of the Revolution calmed down than the butchers reopened their chapel. The guild no longer existed, but the religious *confrérie* of Saint Aurelian remained, with all the prestige of long tradition, and at once gathered under its banner the members of the old trade corporation. It is thanks to this religious *confrérie* that the butchers of Limoges still continue their corporate existence and their antique superstitions, holding their old chapel as common property, and contributing in common to the expenses of its maintenance. The present chapel, which has no architectural merit, dates from 1453. In the year 3 of the Revolution it was sold by auction, together with its dependencies, and bought by Barthélemy Cibot and Maurice Malinvaud, acting on behalf of all the butchers, as was subsequently specified in a deed drawn up before a notary in 1827, when all the heads of butchers' families, numbering fifty-eight, appeared and solemnly declared that in the year 3 the chapel had been bought for all, and the price paid by all the butchers, "*comme devant être leur propriété commune*," and this declaration they made "*pour rendre hommage à la vérité et pour le salut de leur conscience.*"

The *confrérie* of Saint Aurelian exists up to the present day with a most minutely detailed organization and many curious usages and traditions. Every seven years the relics of the patron saint are exhibited with a pomp and show which recent republican decrees have sadly curtailed. At this date the butchers meet in the sacristy of the chapel, and elect by absolute majority a captain, a lieutenant, and two syndics, each of whom appoints four corporals, while two other dignitaries are appointed, with the special duties of masters of ceremonies. These officers form a council, which watches over the religious, social, and commercial interests of the butchers, and administers the finances of the *confrérie*. After the election, and at the close of the septennial fêtes, the butchers hold a grand banquet, over which the Bishop of Limoges always presides, and to which are invited the prefect, the general commanding the army corps of the district, the mayor of Limoges, the vicars-general, the curé of the parish, and other local dignitaries, and on the last day of the fêtes all the members of the council of the *confrérie* keep open house, and invite the passers to come and feast with them. Saint Aurelian is most highly honored by the butchers, and his relics are regarded as the palladium of their quarter. At the gre fires of 1790 and 1861 the shrine of Saint relian was solemnly carried

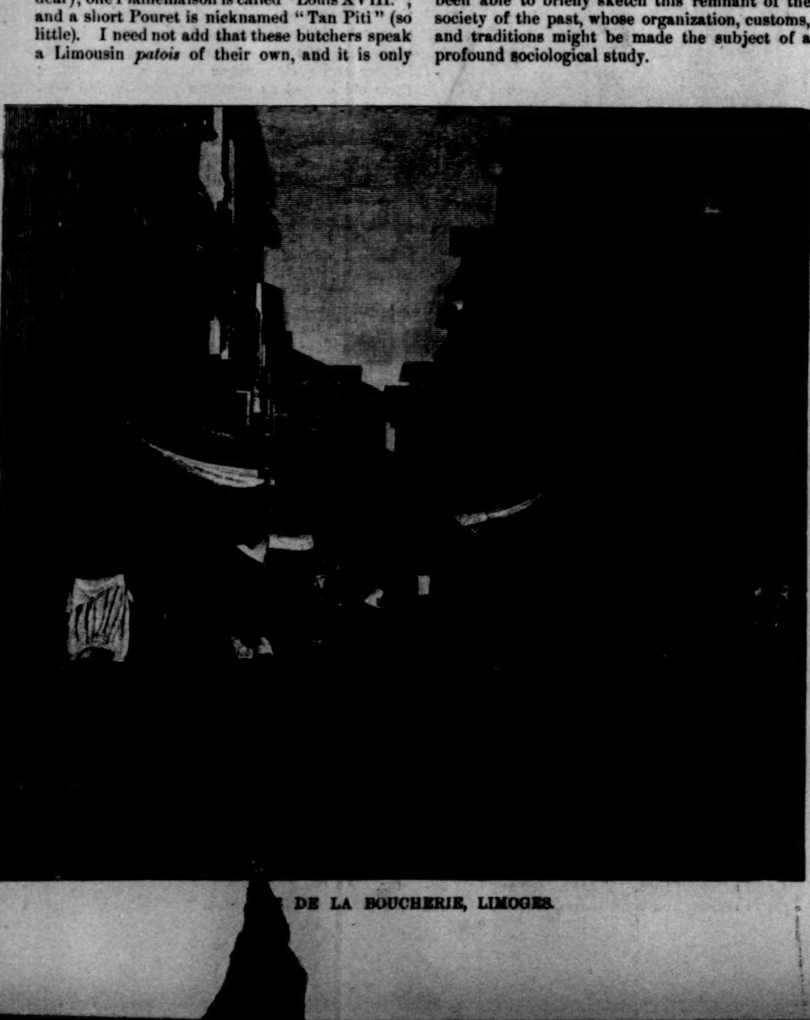


THE LATE ROBERT W. WEIR, N.A.—[See Page 419.]

around their precincts by the butchers, and the devouring flames were stayed, as the butchers believe, by the puissant influence of the holy protector. So great, indeed, is their esteem of this saint that they are ready to defend his relics with their knives and choppers, and therefore the prefect and the radical mayor of Limoges have not hitherto dared to fully enforce certain recent anti-religious laws in the butchers' quarter for fear of provoking desperate bloodshed.

The butchers still keep up their tradition of intermarrying, and they still form a caste of themselves, composed of the descendants of the six primary families above mentioned. So the butchers of Limoges are all cousins, and in order to facilitate identification each one bears a sobriquet, which becomes hereditary, like the family name. Thus there are Cibot Parpailland (butterfly), Cibot Minet dit gendre à Simon (that is to say, Cibot Pussy called Simon's son-in-law), Cibot dit Petit Maître, or the "fop"; the Malinvauds bear the nicknames of "Pipe" and "Chagrin," or "Rueful"; the Parots bear the sobriquets of "Nâplat" (flat nose) and "Chérant" (selling dear); one Plainemaison is called "Louis XVIII."; and a short Pouret is nicknamed "Tan Piti" (so little). I need not add that these butchers speak a Limousin *patois* of their own, and it is only lately that they have consented to send their children to school and have them taught good French.

In spite of the disgusting aspect of the Rue de la Boucherie, I found my steps constantly guiding me toward this curious relic of the past. I visited the queer little chapel, and contemplated with respect the tawdry Italian altar and the coarsely sculptured idols. I peered curiously into the dark shops, and saw strange waxen-faced old women with Aztec profiles doing household work in odd corners. I made the acquaintance of one of the syndics, a lean and muscular man, with a rose and white complexion, and a dead glaucous gray eye, but withal a pleasant-spoken gentleman, learned in the traditions of his guild, and communicative enough when once I had convinced him that I came not to scoff nor to criticise the drainage of the street. I even dined with this syndic in his fourteenth-century shop, amidst pendent chines and bouquets of bladders, enjoying the Rembrandtesque effects of light and shade, and also the savory cooking of the syndic's pale and wizened old mother. Indeed it is due to the hospitality of these worthy folks that I have been able to briefly sketch this remnant of the society of the past, whose organization, customs, and traditions might be made the subject of a profound sociological study.



DE LA BOUCHERIE, LIMOGES.

THE RIGHTS OF MINORITY OWNERS.

Two events have occurred during the week that are likely to revive interest in a most important question, namely, the rights of the minority in railroad and similar corporations. One of them was the annual election for directors of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company on Wednesday; the other, the contest for control of the Oregon and Transcontinental Company. At the first named a very respectable minority was creditably represented, but, so far as can be learned, was treated with no consideration whatever. Its single candidate for a directorship declined to stand for an election when he found that the majority was determined not to consider the claims of the minority, and the representatives of that minority withdrew from the meeting after announcing their numerical strength. This occurred in a State—Illinois—that in 1870 adopted a constitution that contains a provision to the effect that in all elections for directors or managers of a private corporation the stockholders may cumulate their shares, and give one candidate as many votes as the number of directors multiplied by the number of his shares of stock shall equal, or to distribute them on the same principle among as many candidates as he shall see fit. The constitution directs the Legislature to enact the necessary statutes to secure the execution of this provision, but the railroad or corporation influence in that State appears to have been sufficient up to the present time to keep the Legislature from performing that important duty.

Of course all of the corporations in Illinois whose charters or articles of incorporation antedate the constitution of 1870—among them the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy—will argue that they are exempt from the provision referred to, but the chances are they are not. It has been held in Pennsylvania that such corporations are exempt from a similar provision in the constitution of that State. But it has also been maintained that in case a corporation receives new powers or fresh favors from the State subsequent to the passage of a constitution containing provisions for minority representation, it becomes amenable to the new law. The chances are that a great many old corporations have thus placed themselves under the new order of things wherever it exists. It may be noted right here that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been very careful on this point, and has, it is said, skilfully avoided subjecting itself to the constitution adopted by that State in 1873. There are six States whose constitutions recognize the justice of allowing the minority partners in a corporation representation in its management. They are California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, West Virginia, Missouri, and Nebraska. In none of them, we believe, except California, has the issue been squarely raised, unless it was considered advisable to do so in a contest for control of a corporation, and then it has invariably resulted in a compromise. It has never been conspicuously raised as a right guaranteed to the minority, and simply for the purpose of securing to the minority a voice in the affairs of the company.

For the first time in many years the holders of railroad securities, who have always permitted the people in charge of a railroad company to manage its business as they might see fit, have begun to appreciate their rights. In one sense the revival, or rather beginning, of an intelligent interest in the properties of which they are part owners has accomplished little. In no quarter has it obtained representation. Yet it would be folly to argue that it has not been beneficial. In the case of the Illinois Central Company it was successful in checking the wasteful expansion of the system in placing the management on record as averse to recognizing the rights of the stockholders, and in compelling it to furnish monthly statements of its operations. The presence of a larger and equally courageous minority among the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy stockholders stimulated the managers of that company to secure as large a vote as possible as an endorsement of their acts and policy. But they failed to secure as large a vote as last year by ninety-two thousand shares, and have created public sentiment against themselves by ignoring a conscientious minority. The interest of these last is every bit as dear to them as the larger holdings are to those who own them, and it is not logical to suppose that a representative acting for them in the directory would interfere with a proper conduct of the company's affairs. It is evident, however, that more work will have to be done in every direction before any satisfactory progress will be made toward giving all of the owners in a property equal rights in its management.

The fight for control of the Oregon and Transcontinental presents the same issue in a little different way. The indications are that the owners of a bare majority of the stock will control the concern to the absolute exclusion of the other half. In this case, however, the argument in favor of the minority would lose some of its force should those opposed to the present management win, as the struggle is between vested interests and an enormous speculation, which if allowed to run its course will threaten all vested interests. The principle under discussion is recognized in the new method of selecting State and national legislatures, and there are excellent reasons why it should be established in reference to private corporations. It would obviously result in better business methods and greater integrity in the discharge of official obligations than is now practised. In politics we look to the minority to hold the majority in check, and though it sometimes does so too effectually, a suggestion to limit the power of the minority would not be tolerated.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May* 18, 1889.

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Fixed low prices per ounce and a clear statement of weights enabling purchasers to know exactly what they are getting for their money.

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This last consideration, in connection with the fact that the price per ounce is the same, whether the purchase be of but one half dozen pieces or any larger number, is of no slight importance to those who may wish to form sets by purchasing in modest quantities from time to time.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

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THE CITY OF WORCESTER.

BY JAMES S. WHITMAN.

THE half-dozen settlers who, a little more than two centuries ago, built their cabins on the tract of "very good chestnut-tree land" by Lake Quinsigamond made a happy choice, whether it was the attractiveness of the site or of the soil that influenced them. Within the circle of hills enclosing the land which those early pioneers so wisely selected as a "meet place for a plantation," seventy thousand people are now to be found ready to show their pride in a city which boasts of being the second largest in the State, and of affording one of the most noteworthy illustrations of municipal growth and industrial enterprise in the country.

Looking upon the city from one of the surrounding elevations, Worcester would seem to be completely shut in, so closely do the hills hug every approach; a fact, by-the-way, which may account for the self-sufficiency and individuality so easily traceable in the history and industrial development of the town. The city lies spread over an area of about thirty-six square miles, and the bird's-eye view of it furnishes at once a forcible reminder of the energy, thrift, and public spirit that have been so prominent in every stage of Worcester's growth.

That which especially gave vigorous life to Worcester was the fact that it was the "heart of the commonwealth." It at once became a county-seat and a centre of trade, and, in fact, the interior capital of the State. A project was even set on foot at one time for honoring it with a State-house, in preference to Boston.

One glances through the history of Worcester to be constantly struck with the unceasing, fervent patriotism of the people, and their conspicuous devotion to liberty. "If Worcester has had few great leaders," said Senator Hoar, "it is because her people have been leaders." Worcester has from the very first been true to her name—a monument to that great victory for civil and religious liberty which the Puritans won over King Charles I. She contributed men and money with telling effect during the wars with the French; and in the primary movements of the Revolution she kindled a flame of patriotic zeal which spread over the surrounding country. The town instructed its Representative to resist the Stamp Tax, and to be firm in his opposition to the offensive acts of Parliament. It protested loudly against the Tea Tax, and its daughters came together in a "Woman's Rights Meeting," the first of its kind in the history of the country, and agreed to forego the use of the "foreign herb," and to do without any European commodity. In the war for the Union Worcester contributed more than three thousand men—one in every eight of her population.

No better illustration of the patriotism of the inhabitants could be found than in the story of a controversy between the General Court and the judges of the Supreme Court, just before the opening of the war of the Revolution. The General Court had declared any judge an enemy of the country who should, without its special authority, consent to receive a salary from the Crown. One, Judge Oliver, was bold enough to oppose such a step. The patriots resolved that he should hold no more courts, and the jurors refused to take their oaths before him. The loyalists thereupon framed a violent protest, but the town refused to receive it, and only one in five of the voters signed it. It so happened, however, that the High Sheriff, Gardner Chandler, was an extreme Tory, and the protest was entered on the records, and sent to Boston and published. This infuriated the good people of Worcester. They lost no time to come together in a meeting and require the clerk "to expunge, erase, blot out, and forever obliterate the obnoxious record," and that, too, not only with his pen, but by rubbing his ink-stained fingers over the protest before the whole meeting.

Worcester chanced to be the seat and centre of Shays's Rebellion, yet her inhabitants not only refused to sympathize with the insurgents, but furnished such effective military aid that the movement, which "opened with the solemnity of a tragedy, closed with all the mock heroism of a farce."

Politically, Worcester has never ceased to be a centre of animating influence. Not only has she had a prominent part in shaping the policy of the State, but her sons have been conspicuous in the leading political movements of the past, notably that which resulted in the freedom of the slave. Her famous patriot leader, Colonel Timothy Bigelow, let it be known that "while fighting for liberty he never would be guilty of selling slaves," and Governor Levi Lincoln won over court and jury to sustain him in his argument that slavery could not exist under the Constitution of Massachusetts. The prominent Whigs of Worcester at the time of the Revolution formed an American Political Society, which contributed essential aid to the patriot cause by combining public sentiment, and giving direction and force to public opinion. The town shared to the full in the political excitement accompanying the "Hard-cider Campaign"; and among the many conventions for which Worcester has been pre-eminently conspicuous, that of 1840 was, in size and character, more notable than anything of the kind ever held in the State.

The prominent part that Worcester men have taken in the service of the State and of the nation is something that the city may well be proud of. The Worcester Bar has, since the Revolution, furnished four Governors of the State, and one of Maine, two Lieutenant-Governors, two Attorney-Generals of the United States, one Secretary of War, and one Secretary of the Treasury, four Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and one of that of Maine, and ten Judges of the Superior Court and Court of Common Pleas. To mention the names of John Sprague, Emory Washburn, Benjamin F. Thomas, Levi Lincoln, John Davis, Charles Allen, Alexander H. Bullock, Charles Devens, Francis Blake, Pliny Merrick, and George Frisbie Hoar is but to point to the splendid array of jurists, statesmen, orators, and brilliant advocates to which Worcester can lay claim.

Most of our readers are perhaps familiar with the name of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, to whom, as to Parson Bancroft, father of the historian, Governor Levi Lincoln said all the school-boys of his time were "enjoined to pull off their hats." He was a village blacksmith of Worcester, but he won the heart of the principal heiress of the town, and soon gave her parents opportunity to be proud of their son-in-law. Tall, erect, with commanding figure and martial air, he was exceptionally fitted to be a popular leader. Under his headship the patriot party became strong enough to control the town, and made its influence felt throughout the provinces. He was sent as a delegate from Worcester to the Provincial Congress; as captain of the minute-men he led his company from Worcester to Cambridge on the memorable 19th of April, 1775; and he finally commanded the best-disciplined regiment in the Revolutionary army—the Fifteenth Massachusetts—a regiment composed almost exclusively of Worcester men. He was one of the original committee who in 1773 formed the "American Political Society," the real purpose of which was to control the royalist party, then consisting of the wealthy and influential men of the town. He was present at the storming of Quebec, took part in the capture of Burgoyne, and was among those who shared the bitter experiences at Valley Forge. The monument now standing over his grave on the old Worcester Common was erected by a great-grandson, Colonel Timothy Bigelow Lawrence, son of the Hon. Abbot Lawrence, of Boston.

Another interesting character in the early history of Worcester was Isaiah Thomas. He started the *Massachusetts Spy*—the acknowledged organ of the Whigs of the Revolution—in Boston, and four or five years after, when the war broke out, he moved his press and types to Worcester, and the issue of the first number published there, dated May 3, 1775, "the first thing ever printed in Worcester," contained an account of the battle of Lexington. It was no less for what he had done to advance his profession practically than as the author of the *History of Printing in America* that Dr. Thomas became known in his day as "the American Baskerville." The printing-press used by him is still to be seen in one of the rooms of the American Antiquarian Society, of which he was founder, and which possesses the typographical and other treasures which he collected during his life as editor, author, and publisher.

President Adams had early experiences in Worcester that no doubt furnished him material for many a good story. He taught school here for three years, and apparently his pupils were not of a kind to make things easy for him, for we are told that on one occasion some of the bigger boys took him in hand, and would have plunged him into a huge snow-drift had it not been that the dominie caught up a good-sized stick from a wood-pile close by, and made himself master of the situation as well as thereafter a most efficient master of the school.

Worcester people take pride in pointing to the house in which George Bancroft was born. The historian's father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D., was an undergraduate at Harvard when the war of the Revolution broke out, and began his ministerial work in Worcester when there was only one meeting-house in the town. His parishioners greatly respected the Doctor's power and influence, and at the same time appear to have been on pretty free and easy terms with him. On one occasion, when the good parson was telling a number of them how he was preaching once by candle-light, and his notes caught fire, and it was with great difficulty he saved his sermon, a wag mischievously inquired: "Why didn't you let it burn, Doctor? Your audience would have got more light from it in that way than in any other."

There is one other whose name deserves special remembrance, the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, who died a few years ago at the advanced age of eighty-six. Throughout his protracted life Mr. Salisbury remained faithful to Worcester, contributing greatly, by the ample wealth which he had inherited and by his personal influence and enterprise, to build up that which was a little town of 2400 inhabitants at his birth in 1798, to the importance which it now occupies as the second city of Massachusetts in population, business, and wealth. He was president of the Old Worcester Bank for nearly forty years, president of the Worcester County Institution for Savings for more than a quarter of a century, and of the American Antiquarian Society for thirty-four years, and he was one of the largest benefactors and most active friends of the Worcester Free Institute of Industrial Science. For several years he was a Representative for the town, and a Senator for the county of Worcester; for fourteen years he rendered valuable service as treasurer of the Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, of which he was one of the original trustees; and for twelve years he was an overseer of Harvard, his Alma Mater, which conferred on him the degree of D.C.L. in 1875.

Among Worcester's prominent residents the name of Mrs. Abbey Kelly Foster, who died a few years ago, is well remembered. She was in her day one of the most notable women in New England. As Abbey Kelly she was widely known as an eloquent speaker in the antislavery cause, and after her marriage with Stephen S. Foster, himself a noted abolitionist and freethinker, she continued to do active work for the cause. During the war she made many Union speeches, and afterward she became conspicuously known as an earnest prohibitionist and a zealous advocate in the Woman-suffrage movement. Twice she and her husband refused to pay taxes on their home estate, because Mrs. Foster was not allowed to vote. On both occasions the farm was sold at tax sales, but was bid in by a friend, and Mr. Foster furnished the money to redeem it.

As the "heart of the commonwealth," and on the principal high-road from Boston to the West, Worcester was naturally fitted to become a great railroad centre. Enterprising capitalists recognized this so far back as 1828, when they planned their scheme of inland navigation, which made Worcester the terminus of the Blackstone Canal, and thus a centre of trade, being the only efficient means of communication between the seaboard and the heart of the State. When, in 1835, that great railroad system was begun which was to connect the East with the West, Worcester was naturally the first prospective point. Four years before this a Boston and Worcester Railroad Company had been incorporated, but the projectors at the time they took their charter had no conception that they could run their cars in any other manner than by horse-power, and people who wanted to use the track were expected to have their wagons fitted to the same. The first locomotive engine that was seen on the road was the first used on any rails in this country. There was a good deal of sneering opposition to the introduction of this "tea-kettle on a fire-cart," which, it was urged, would scare the cows so that they would not give milk, and the hens so that they would not lay eggs; and, moreover, the smoke from the engine would so poison the air as to kill the birds. The passenger train was made up of a collection of stage-coach bodies, resting on four-wheeled platforms, coupled with links of chain. The conductor made his way along the outside of the cars, and collected his fares through the windows.

The Union Passenger Station at Worcester—one of the handsomest and best-equipped structures of the kind in the country—affords an illustration of the great advance in railroad enterprise since the day that the Meteor first steamed its way to the town. One may now take a train here that will carry him over the Boston and Albany, or the Worcester and Nashua, the Providence and Worcester, Worcester and Fitchburg, Norwich and Worcester, or the Boston, Barre, and Gardner. It is such railroad facilities that have contributed greatly to the remarkable industrial growth of Worcester, and have made her one of the most thrifty inland cities in the country.

Among Worcester's buildings there are surprisingly few of marked architectural prominence. The new quarters of the Young Men's Christian Association certainly reflect great credit upon the architect and the city, and some of the churches, notably All Saints (Episcopal) and Central Church (Congregational), are rightly classed among the structures best worth seeing, in point of architectural beauty and artistic design. All the stained-glass windows in the church and chapel building were designed by Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman, of Boston, and Mrs. Helen Bigelow Merriman. The interior decorations were executed from their designs and under their direction, and they guided in the color of wood-work and furnishing so as to secure a harmonious result. The private dwellings of Worcester are among her most conspicuous features, bearing as they do in their construction, and in their arrangements within and without, no less than in their surroundings, *prima facie* evidence of the general thrift and well-directed wealth.

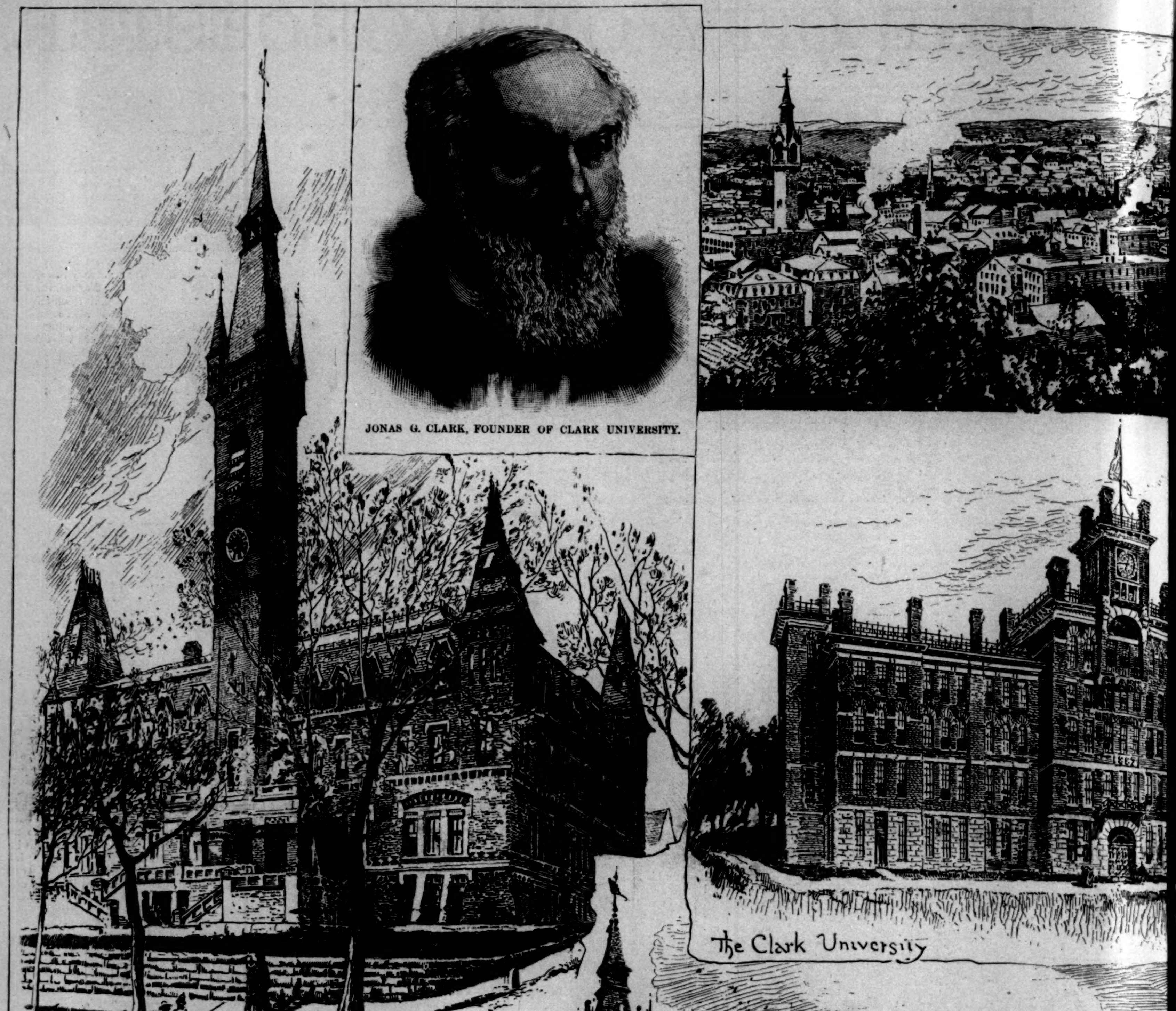
The Old South Meeting-house—the first parish of Worcester—so full of historic associations, has within the past year disappeared; its old neighbor, however, the Town-hall, architecturally insignificant though it be, still stands to serve the needs of the city departments, and to remind one of the birthplace of the Free-soil party. In this building, too, many notable assemblies and conventions have been held, and its walls are still full of associations for those able to recall the merrymaking days of the "annual cattle shows," when the exhibits of the varied things made and grown were no less alluring than the sights and enjoyments to be found on the adjoining common.

Worcester has a Public Library that holds a unique place among all other institutions of the kind to be found in the country. Dr. John Green's gift to the city, thirty years ago, of his valuable collection of 7000 books furnished the basis of the present library of reference; and in the 4500 volumes handed over by the Lyceum and Library Association a splendid nucleus of a Free Circulating Library was formed. The city provided the building, and has made yearly appropriations, which, with the Green Fund and various bequests, have increased the library to more than 70,000 volumes, besides providing reading-rooms with 250 or more papers, magazines, and reviews. The Worcester Library has won for itself a distinct reputation, not only in this country but abroad, for the movement it has led toward bringing the work of the library into organic connection with the schools and with the life of the community. The librarian, Mr. Samuel S. Green, has proved himself exceptionally fitted for this work. He has been unsparing in his efforts to further the interests of teachers and pupils, and is ever on the alert to give timely suggestion and intelligent advice. Teachers consult with him and make selections of books for use in their classes; and they are allowed the privilege of bringing their pupils to the library and enjoying unrestricted use of books, engravings, maps, pictures—whatever, in fact, the library contains that is fitted to illustrate or have the desired bearing on the special lesson of the day. Every teacher has the privilege of taking out six books on his own card and twelve books on a pupil's card. The older scholars also have library cards of their own, which they are stimulated to use for school purposes. It is no uncommon thing for the principal of a grammar school to use his own cards and those of assistant teachers and of his pupils, and thus to take out as many as fifty volumes at a time. More than 700 volumes of the library have been in use in the school-houses of Worcester every day that the schools have been open.

Another feature of the Worcester Library is its special adaptedness to the needs and best interests of the artisan class, which forms so large an element in the city's population. Many of the books now added are selected with this end in view, and the prominence given to technical journals in the reading-room is very noticeable. Mr. Green and his intelligent and well-trained assistants are doing a splendid work in the community, and under their care and untiring aid the young people of Worcester are being educated to the right use of books, and stimulated to cultivate habits of thoughtful reading. The city of Worcester, recognizing the good work continuing in store for the Public Library, is to make a large and handsome addition to the present building, which is now practically full. An adjoining lot of land has been bought, and the new structure will be completed probably within a year.

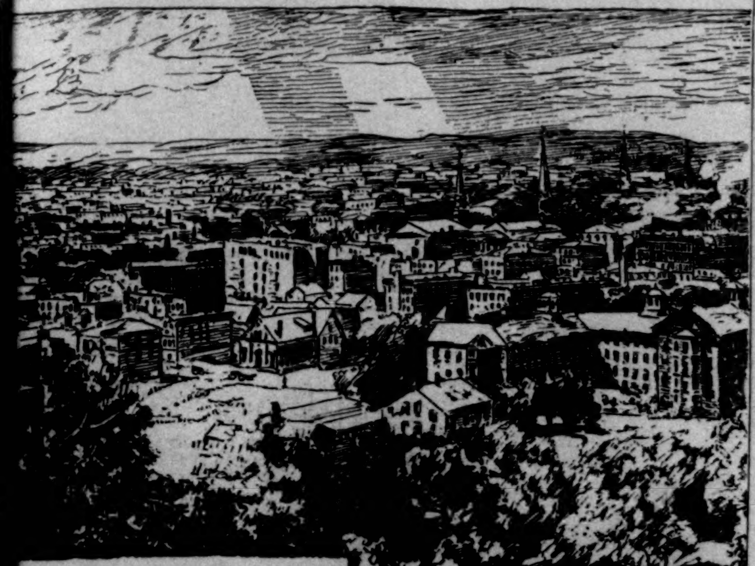
Antiquarian Hall is one of the principal places of interest in Worcester. The American Antiquarian Society was founded in 1812 by Isaiah Thomas, giving to it his valuable collections of books, newspapers, pamphlets, engravings, coins, etc., besides building the hall, substantially supporting the institution during his lifetime, and at his death bequeathing money to constitute the Librarian's and the Collection and Research funds. Dr. Thomas was the first president of the society, and the purpose he had before him—the collection and preservation of material fitted to elucidate prehistoric ages, as well as the habits and customs of the aboriginal races of America—has been kept steadily in view by those who have since filled his chair, and by the men of distinction in historical research in this country and abroad whose names appear on the list of membership. The society's publications are of well-recognized value to the archæologist and the historian, most prominent among them being the six volumes of the *Archæologia Americana*, containing, among other things, reprints of rare books and manuscripts, Isaiah Thomas's *History of Printing in America*, and a full list of books printed in America previous to 1776.

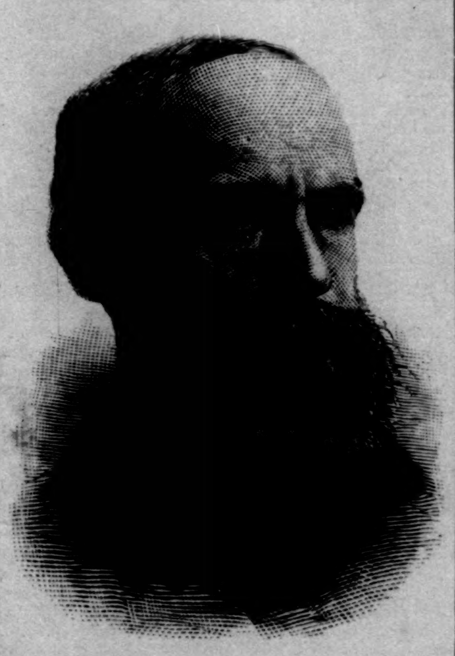
The library of the society, which numbers over 60,000 volumes, is especially rich in early American publications and valuable manuscripts, notably those from the Mather family, and autograph letters, many of which are of rare historical value. The library, moreover, contains books of unique typographical interest: Bibles

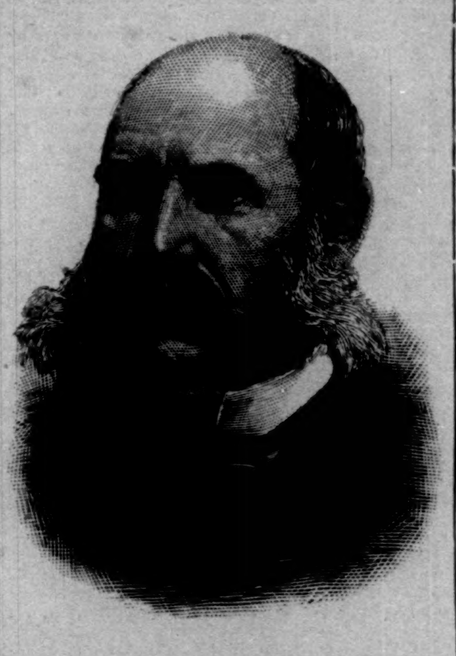

High School
The Clark University
R.R. Depot.

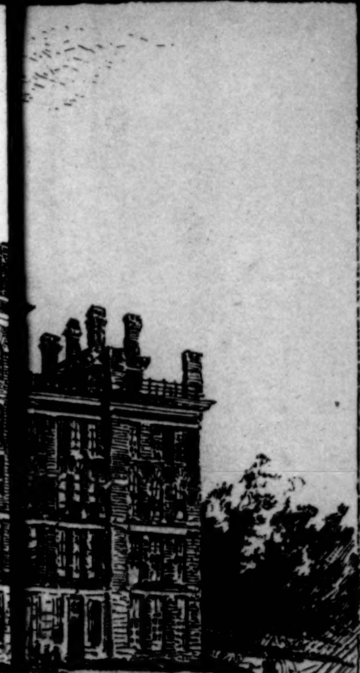
JONAS G. CLARK, FOUNDER OF CLARK UNIVERSITY.

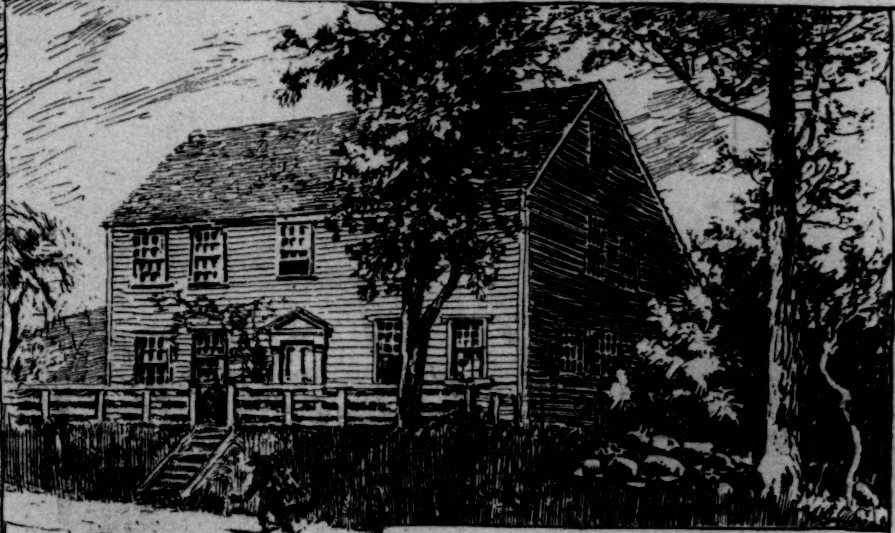
REPRESENTATIVE SCENES AND CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF WOR

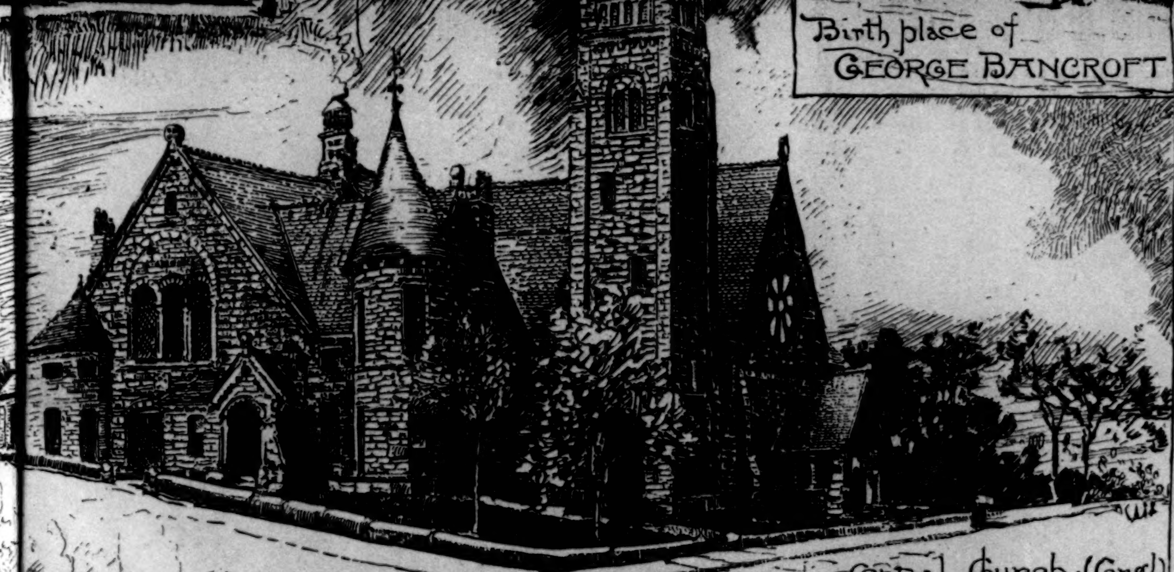

GENERAL VIEW OF WORCESTER

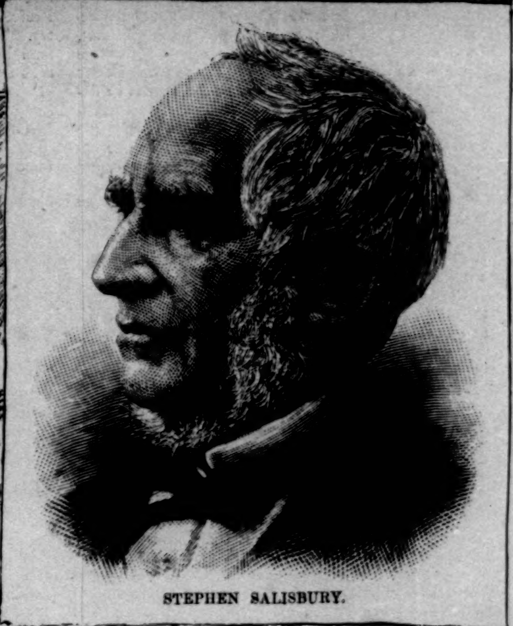

G. STANLEY HALL, Ph.D., PRESIDENT OF CLARK UNIVERSITY.

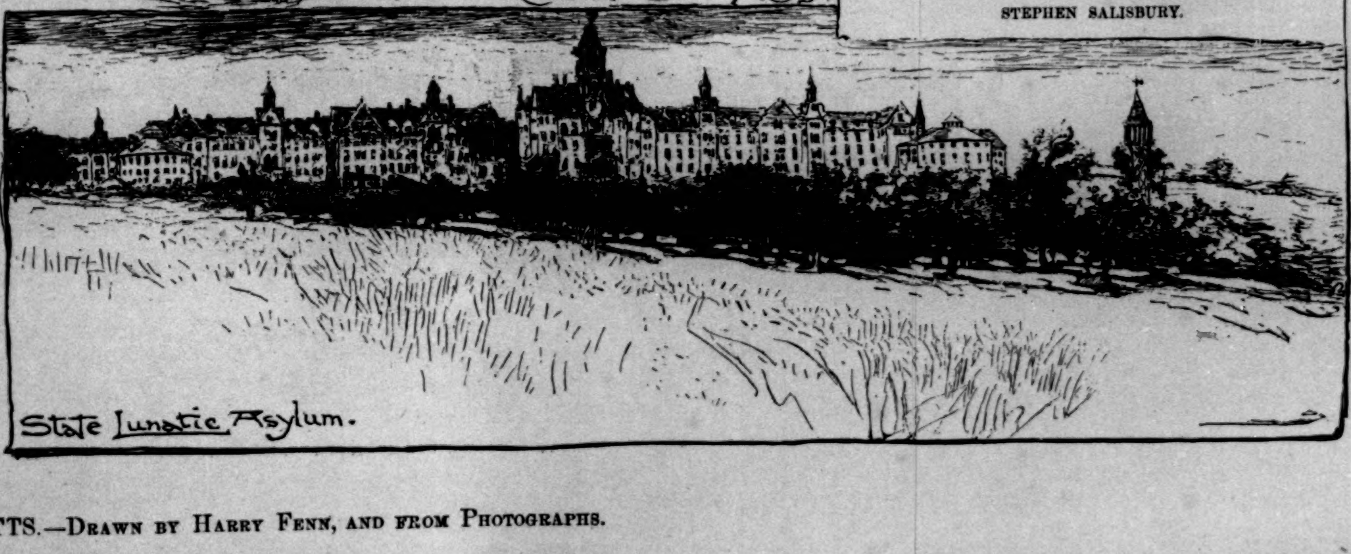

JOHN D. WASHBURN, ONE OF THE TRUSTEES OF CLARK UNIVERSITY.




Birth place of GEORGE BANCROFT


Central Church. (Cong'l)


STEPHEN SALISBURY.


State Lunatic Asylum.

ORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.—Drawn by Harry Fenn, and from Photographs.